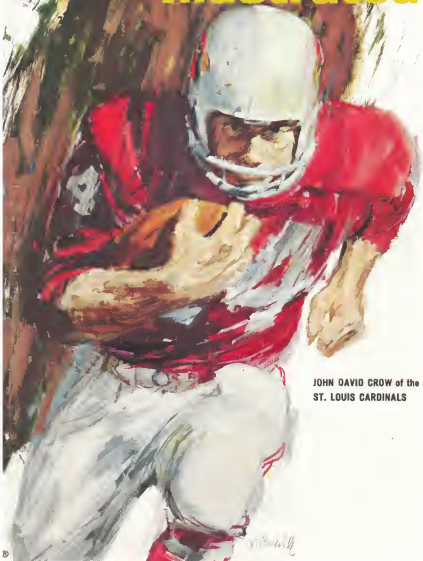


Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 9, 1961

35 CENTS



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Next week

HOW ABOUT CASSIUS? Can he do it again? Gilbert Rogan covers the training camps, reports on a big change in the champion and on Liston's chances of winning this time.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE of the turf is George Schilding, the famous track official, who has seen thousands of races. Ernest Havemann tells how the Judge has survived all kinds of storms.

AMERICA IS GOING down the drain, in the opinion of Robert Boyce, who rises in purposeful wrath to lament what spotters have done to the natural wonders of his country.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Robert F. Jones

In theory the 180 paid staff members listed at the right hold the sole responsibility for the content and direction of this magazine every week. In fact these staff members are all rigidly supervised by a vast and amorphous army of conscientious supereditors who work for nothing and who make their approval, their disapproval, their copy corrections, their suggestions for future stories and (occasionally) for staff changes known in a never-ending series of letters to our 19TH HOLE. This is the back-of-the-book department (page 78) in which, we frankly admit, our "readers take over."

All magazines elicit occasional letters to the editor, but we doubt that the pen pals of any other exercise the proprietary air that ours do. Sport is a highly partisan pastime, and our readers are all anxious to keep us in the right party. Our basketball fans are quick to demand equal time if they feel the racetrack railbirds have got a paragraph too much attention. The slightest intimation on the part of one of our baseball writers that the Yankees are not all that bad will bring a torrent of corrective information from the Yankee haters, and this in turn will evoke a keek rebuttal from the New York fans. Sometimes our letter writers get to arguing so furiously among themselves—as they did when a correspondent from Phoenixville, Pa. suggested that pro football and boxing "represent everything that is unclean, unfair and dishonest in the sporting world" (Dec. 10, 1962)—that all we on the staff can do is sit back and listen—and learn.

Some of our most vociferous correspondents might be classed as crackpots by the narrow-minded—one rebuked us fiercely for wasting editorial time

and space on such "nonathletic sports" as golf, fishing, sailing, bowling, chess, bridge and baseball—but there are others who speak so softly to us in their letters that we have to look twice to appreciate the authority implicit in their modest signatures. In this unassuming way, letter writers such as all-time Golfing Champion Robert Tyre Jones, top Yacht Designer Olin Stephens, Peace Corps Chief Sargent Shriver, Baseball Oracle J. G. Taylor Spink, College President Theodore M. Hesburgh of Notre Dame, Tiffany Chairman Walter Hoving—and many more—have enlightened their fellow readers with knowledge no one else could have brought to them. One of the most pleasant exchanges in this magazine took place when Athletic Director Asta Bushnell and famed Coach Fritz Crisler swapped memories in the 19TH HOLE of Football Fan F. Scott Fitzgerald's early and impulsive pioneering in the two-platoon system.

When Winter-Reporter Gay Flood, who's in charge of separating the epistolary chaff from the grain, opens the huge pile of letters awaiting her each week, she never knows whether a given envelope will contain a clenched fist, a bouquet of roses or a pearl of hitherto unrevealed information. Gay, who prepared for her difficult task by studying

both English and philosophy at Smith College, first makes sure that the facts in every letter are correct and that the language is readable, then joins with Senior Editor Roger Hewlett in deciding which of the many letters received are worth printing. Their criterion in making the choice is never how well or how ill a correspondent may speak of us, but only how informatively and interestingly he may speak to our readers.



WINTER-REPORTER FLOOD

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by Peter Griffith

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BOOKTALK

A mountaineer records a British-Russian adventure on a dangerous Pamir peak

In the midsummer of 1962 newspapers carried a brief item from London: "Two British mountain climbers were killed last week descending Mount Garmo in the Pamirs, it was reported today. They had been part of an 18-man British-Soviet expedition. The two men were Wilfred Noyce, one of the world's leading climbers and a member of the 1953 Everest expedition, and Robin Smith, a 23-year-old philosophy graduate from Edinburgh."

Thereafter the facts dissolved in mystery and speculation. No one knew what had happened. The report added that Sir John Hunt, the conqueror of Everest, who was leading the Pamir expedition, had cabled tersely, "Expedition continues," but Sir John and part of the British team then returned to England. The goal of the expedition was Pik Kommunistika, 24,590 feet, Russia's highest mountain. The fatal accident was on nearby Mount Garmo, during a preparatory toughening climb.

Despite later quarrels between the Russians and English as Sir John left, a part of the British team remained in the Pamirs. *Red Peak*, by Malcolm Slesser (Coward-McCann, \$5.75), is a detailed (factual) report of what happened. The Russians and the remaining British climbers went on toward the summit of Pik Kommunistika according to their original plan, through nine days of an almost unbearable ordeal.

The British agreement with the Russians called for a 65-day expedition, with 12 English and Scottish climbers and six Russians. They were to be flown to Dushanbe (formerly Stalinabad), some 2,000 miles southeast of Moscow, where trucks would transport their equipment to the mountains. The British were experienced, and even world-famous, climbers, but they were amateurs: a teacher, a doctor, an insurance executive, a sales manager.

In innumerable small but subtle ways the Russians deviated from the terms of the agreement. The climbers were flown directly to the base camp, which left them panting and dizzy, especially in comparison with the superbly conditioned Russians. The site of the base camp was mysteriously changed: instead of being 18 miles from the peak and 13,000 feet below the summit, they were 25 miles away and 15,000 feet below it. There were no porters; the men lugged their own equipment.

On the conditioning climb of 21,800-foot Mount Garmo two British climbers, Derek Hull, an insurance executive, and Edward Wingham, a dairy farmer, descended first. They prepared tea to greet the others as they arrived, and stepped out of the tent to see how the other climbers were doing.

(continued)

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Booktalk

Noyce and Smith, moving together on one rope, were coming down a steep but not difficult slope. As one slipped, the other was pulled off his feet. Their ice axes got no grip in the wet snow above the ice. Yet they slid slowly, and nearly came to rest. Then a slight curvature gave added momentum. They shot forward over a band of rocks. They flashed by the tent a hundred yards away, and over a 4,000-foot rock wall.

They were bused where they fell, while stones came down from the cliff "with the peculiar half-whining, half-wharring, utterly lethal noise of a stone that has fallen several thousand feet." When Sir John announced that he was breaking off the climb, he was denounced to his face by a strident Soviet official as a deserter. Yet the six British climbers who remained to try the summit of Kommunizm were treated with no greater respect at the outset. And so the ascent of Kommunizm began. The climbers were divided along ideological lines and by savage personal hatreds. They were less like comrades united in a gallant effort than like deadly enemies waiting for each other to collapse. By day they moved in separate teams, Russians on one rope, the British climbers wobbling unsteadily after them, often far behind, sometimes out of sight. At night they usually camped together, huddled in separate groups, not speaking.

Political differences, personal feelings, national prejudices were gradually sloughed off, until nothing except an elemental humanity remained. They were skin-enclosed skeletons, gasping for breath, eyelids acid, feet lifeless, faces vaguely blue, going through strange cyclic losses of attention. They helped each other with clumsy, robotic movements, pushing each other forward, even finding medicines and food for the weakest members. Communists and capitalists alike.

If *Red Peak* were no more than the story of how they kept going it would be a memorable addition to mountain literature. What makes it unforgettable is that they all somehow reached the summit—"Communists, capitalists, socialists, Tories, nationalists," Slewer wrote, "the dedicated, the decadent, the correctors, the corrigators, the muck-rakers, the unsophisticated, the fastidious and the slummers. No one of us was pure. We were just a pretty ordinary, mixed bunch. To bring such vast differences in background and approach together at one time, at this elevated spot, was triumph enough." That unexpected end makes *Red Peak* belong with the great records of mountain ordeals, akin to Maurice Herzog's classic *Annapurna* or Jack Olsen's *The Climb Up to Hell*—not nearly so well-written as either, but with a background of politics and tragedy that gives meaning to harrowing details.

—ROBERT CANTWELL



Do you know that the odds are 200 to 1 against your finding the world's smoothest Scotch?

There are at least that many Scotch whiskies on the market. But only *one* is smoothest.

How, then, do you find it?

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FREDERICK E. (TED) HOOD, age 37, is Owner and General Manager of Hood Sailmakers, Inc., Marblehead, Mass.



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PHOTO BY JEFFREY HALL FOR NML

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"He took it from there. We talked about the nature of my business.

We talked about how, if a man dies, his heirs sometimes are forced to sell the family's business to meet estate taxes. I admit as a man who loves water I resent the term 'liquidation sale.' Finally, we worked out what it would take to protect both my family and the business.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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"He pockets the Walther PPK, toes the accelerator and in seconds loses the Maserati in the convolutions of the Grande Corniche. Once again, MGB triumphs over SPECTRE... and every other marque in Europe!" There's a Double-O Section in this country, too: men who dream of action and excitement—and find it in MGB. Excitement in mastering the thoroughbred that thrashed all other GT entrants at Monte Carlo. Action in a 1798 c.c.

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Try to act nonchalant driving the 1965 Mercury.

Just try.

It's now in the Lincoln Continental tradition.

What's changed? Just about everything. You can see the changes in the graceful new proportions, in the long, low thrusting hood. You can feel the changes in the ride—the solid, smooth, superbly quiet

ride. For now Mercury is in the Lincoln Continental tradition. See the difference at

your Mercury dealer's. Learn why Mercury is now official courtesy car at Squaw Valley.



Mercury

now in the Lincoln Continental tradition

SCORECARD

TEMPEST IN A BOURBON JUG

"Someone told me, when I became president of the University of Kentucky, that only two things would cause me to lose sleep—football and panty raids." Dr. John W. Oswald said that, and last week he was looking forward to his first panty raid. He had already had the football.

After opening the season with three straight victories Kentucky encountered three straight defeats. Coach Charlie Bradshaw accused players of being "selfish" and "egotistical." "We're going to get back in the dirt, look one another in the face and start demanding more of our kids," he said. Instead of the usual light workout on Monday he ordered a heavy-duty session with spectators barred. "The first 10 minutes," the *Kentucky Kernel*, student newspaper, said, "were reportedly devoted to head-butting drills. One person close to the team said a number of players were bleeding after the first drill." Four players were taken to a hospital.

After some of Bradshaw's rigorous spring training drills a couple of years ago there was a mass exodus of football players from the Kentucky squad. This time the players remained loyal to Bradshaw. Some of them visited Dr. Oswald voluntarily to defend him. And after investigating the situation, Dr. Oswald issued a statement. "I am now assured, based upon the report of the team doctors, that the activities and injuries were not unusual or unduly intense for a scrimmage session," he said.

Then he got a good night's sleep and on Saturday West Virginia upset Kentucky 26-21.

FOILED: THE RAPE OF AINTREE

For many long years Mrs. Mirabel Topham, managing director of Aintree, where the Grand National steeplechase has been run 123 times since 1837, has battled and defeated such vigorous opponents as the BBC, the League Against Cruel Sports, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the press and London's bookmakers. It has been a running war but for a long time

Mrs. Topham, though in her 70s and weighing 190 pounds, showed no signs of running out of breath.

Then one day recently she announced that she would sell Aintree. Not only that, but she would sell it for conversion into a housing development. The Grand National, grandest steeplechase of them all, would be run for the last time in the spring of 1965. It was as if Winston Churchill had denounced the Queen. All Britain, except the League Against Cruel Sports and friends, shuddered and protested. But Mirabel, whose price for the track was \$2,520,000, said she could no longer afford to operate it.

The most effective protest was made by Lord Sefton, who held that the sale would breach a covenant arrived at when he sold Aintree to Mrs. Topham in 1949. A London judge expressed doubt that the scruffy old track could not be operated profitably and agreed with Lord Sefton. Mrs. Topham is stuck with Aintree as long as His Lordship lives. He is 63. She is 74.

NEW DEAL AT N.D.

Over the years it has been the custom for basketball teams visiting Notre Dame to devise a whole set of hand signals because the cacophony in the 70-year-old Irish field house makes audibles impossible. The shrieking generally starts 10 minutes before game time and just goes on and on. The effect is very like that of someone playing train-wreck stereos in a clothes closet. Perhaps officials have not been intimidated as much as opponents have suggested, but in one stretch (December 1943-February 1948) the screaming Irish won 38 straight games on the home floor and in recent years have won almost 80% of their games at the friendly field house.

The era is now past. New Coach Johnny Dee has decreed: "We all know that there's something wrong everywhere with the home court advantage in basketball. All the coaches complain, but nobody wants to do anything. Well, I'm going to do something this year because this court at Notre Dame

has been one of the worst offenders."

Dee has ordered pennants of all Big Ten schools and all opponents hung around the field house. Visiting coaches will be asked to bring their squads to the campus early enough to have lunch with the Notre Dame team. Key chains, engraved with the date and the name of each opponent, will be presented to visiting players by Notre Dame players.

"And if the crowds don't behave," says Dee, "I'll pull my team off the floor and forfeit the game."

He seems to mean it, too.

THE ILLEGAL EAGLE

When an Indian medicine man needs eagle feathers for a religious ceremony nowadays he does not send out a hunting party to bring down a few birds (it's illegal to kill an eagle). Instead he sends an application to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Albuquerque.

The Service examines eagles for diseases and pesticide residues. Feathers are saved and shipped to Albuquerque from where they are distributed for religious purposes only. Show-biz-type Indians who want the plumage to perform



for tourists are screened out. War bonnets are out, too.

There is a shortage of high-priority feathers. Indian medicine men know what they want and they usually specify "those pretty black-and-white tail feathers." But these must be rationed, since they are found only on the immature golden eagle. They turn brown with grayish blotches after the bird's fourth birthday.

continued



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Available on orders of one dozen or more Ben Hogan or Hogan 90+ Golf Balls, a maximum of 23 letters will be custom imprinted in blue ink on each ball. Specify initials or full name desired.

An attractive Christmas gift box is included with each dozen at an extra cost.

All orders must be received by December 3, if delivery by Christmas is to be accomplished. Be sure to include the name of your Golf Professional and location of his Pro Shop. Thank you.

PLEASE SEND—

_____ dozen and _____ extra

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With the following initials or name (limit 23 letters)

MINIMUM ORDER: ONE DOZEN

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Fort Worth, Texas 76101

SCORECARD *continued*

The Service also receives requests from palefics. One came from an enterprising New York feather merchant, who presumably supplies dyed turkey feathers to theatrical costumers. He is not eligible for eagle feathers and did not ask for any, what he wanted was a list of the Service's rejected applicants.

BOSS MAN

Nominations for the title of No. 1 Football Fan will not close until the season's end, but one would have to rate Eduardo Antonio Erueta high on any list. A 1928 Ohio State University graduate in chemical engineering, Erueta has seen every Ohio State home football game since 1956—which is unusual only because to do so he has had to journey from his home in Barranquilla, Colombia, South America.

Every September, Erueta takes three months off from operating the family banana plantation near Barranquilla, rents an apartment in Columbus and settles down to a season of dedication to the Buckeyes. His wife came with him one year but got homesick.

In U.S. households, few husbands could get three months off to watch football games. "Remember," says Erueta, "in South America the husband is the boss."

BARON DE COUBERTIN, INDEED!

The record books all say that the first modern Olympic Games were held at Athens in 1896, the inspiration of Baron Pierre de Coubertin. It is a version of history that does not go down well in the pubs of Much Wenlock, Shropshire, England and especially with members of the Wenlock Olympian Society, which has been holding its own games there since 1850. Wenlockians give the credit to the town doctor of that time, William Penny Brookes, "rather a fanatic on physical culture" and dedicated to the ideals of ancient Greece. He converted a local reading club into the Olympian Society, and the first games, held annually ever since, were tilting and foot racing, with Wenlock crosses of gold, silver and bronze awarded to winners.

In 1860 the Greeks put on an industrial conference in Athens, with games as an added attraction. Dr. Brookes sent 10 pounds and a silver medal to the Greek games. In return, King Otto I of Greece sent a gold cup to be competed for in the Wenlock tilting tournaments.

In 1880 the Olympian Society sent a resolution to the British and Greek governments proposing an international Olympic festival. Nothing came of it.

Then, in 1890, Baron de Coubertin came to Wenlock to see the games and planted an oak tree on their site. He wrote an article about it in *La Revue Athlétique* of December 1890, complimenting Dr. Brookes profusely and referring to Dr. Brookes's proposal for a revival of the Greek games on an international scale.

"It was mainly due to Brookes that we have today's international Olympics," says John Corbett, history master of Wenlock County Secondary School.

Dr. Brookes died in 1895, a year before the revival of the Games.

The Wenlock games were held as usual this summer, attracting 6,000. There was tilting, archery, foot racing and bicycle racing. There were also competitions in embroidery, lampshade making and cake baking.

HIM, HER AND THEY

The Texas millionaire's Sears, Roebuck is Neiman-Marcus of Dallas; which each year at this season puts out a catalog it calls its *Christmas Book*. In the past it has offered His-and-Hers airplanes and His-and-Hers submersibles. This year it is His-and-Hers balloons. Price: \$6,850 for His and the same for Hers.

From gasoline service stations operated by Fina, one may obtain pink air for your car's tires and Neiman-Marcus suggests that it might be "an utterly delightful idea" for ballooning, while conceding that propane works better.

If you don't want to get as high as a balloon would take you, the store offers His-and-Hers opium beds. These are twin beds of polished rosewood made after a 17th century Chinese design. They come to \$1,500.

Our suggestion to Neiman-Marcus for Christmas 1965: His-and-Hers speedships to send Him and Her into orbit.

ENRIQUE IN PATAGONIA

Thanks to an engraving landscape painter from Austria who has been fishing in the foothills of the Andes for 28 years, the best of trout fishing in the Argentine interior is no longer inaccessible. Erick Gernik, in cooperation with Manhattan's Sports Travel Center, has opened the door to southern Patagonia, for everything from a "sissy safari"—seven days of easy fishing with no heavy wading or walking, comfortable hotel

with hot baths" to nine-, 14- and 28-day campout safaris for trophy brook trout, rainbows and landlocked salmon in virgin waters. Gornik even offers a 45-day tropical safari which sacrifices trout and salmon for such exotic fish as dorado, surubi, mangurayu and chafalote. Hunting for jaguar, tapir and wild pig are thrown in. Price for the snazzy safari, including round-trip plane fare from Buenos Aires to Esquel, is \$539. The tropical trip costs \$2,450.

Southern Patagonia may have the finest trout and landlocked-salmon angling in the world. Brook trout average four to seven pounds, may reach to more than 16 pounds. In two days of fishing in March 1962, Gornik and his son took brook trout that weighed 15½, 15 and 14½ pounds, all three topping the listed world record of 14½ pounds. But, bivouacked in the Andes without telephone or radio, the Gorniks were unable to have the fish weighed in the presence of witnesses.

Gornik worries about "small fish that in some lakes are thick like flies."

"The angler," he says, "must cut the barbs off his hooks to make for more sport, so he is not too holed."

Pity the poor angler who must endure it. "These little pests," says Gornik, "only weigh three or four pounds."

THE CRYSTAL BUBBLE

Each year the Topps Chewing Gum people, who are forever blowing bubbles, give an awards luncheon to announce their Rookie All-Star Team roster. Among those present in the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room this year was Ford Frick, baseball commissioner and by no means a rookie. At 60, Frick is about to retire, leaving behind an impression of his reign that is not founded on a record of outspoken opposition to the wishes of baseball club owners.

Who, someone asked Frick, would most likely replace him as commissioner?

"I think," Frick replied, "that it will be a triumvirate composed of the Federal Communications Commission, Al-hed Van Lues and the chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate."

THEY SAID IT

• Danny Silk, national junior three-meter diving champion, on why he took up the sport: "I wanted to show off."

• Justin Canale, Mississippi State guard on playing brother Whit, Tennessee end: "I'm going to avoid him as much as possible . . . then pop him good."

END



Get a Head start

Nobody skis like this the first time out.

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But becoming a good skier is far easier and quicker than it used to be . . . thanks to Head Skis.

Heads meet you more than half-way.

They seem to want to help you learn, help you turn, forgive your shortcomings in technique, make you ski better than you thought you knew how.

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Head Standard, \$107.50; Master, \$124.50; Competition, \$142.50; Youngster's Competition, \$112.50; Head steel or aluminum Poles, \$24.50. Available only at authorized, serious ski shops, the world over. May we send you our Handbook? Head Ski Company, Inc., Timonium, Maryland 21093, U.S.A.



THE PANIC IS ON AGAIN

When pro basketball play starts, teams that meet the Boston Celtics fall prey to a strange malady—Russellphobia. The disease is back again this season, and it has helped the champions to a devastating start **by BOB OTTUM**

Poised for takeoff on the Saturday morning flight out of Ohio, the pilot spoke chattily over the intercom. "I understand we have the members of the St. Louis Royals flying with us today," he told the passengers. "I watched their game on television last night—they won by 119 to 118—and it certainly was exciting all right. We'd like to offer our congratulations to this fine basketball team." Back in the tourist section Coach Jack McMahon, known all around the Midwest as a man quick to leap up in protest, took it all with unusual calm. For one thing, he figured that everybody on that particular flight would know they were really the Cincinnati Royals and, for another thing, he was tightly belted into his seat. But it might have been a hint of what was to come. By 10 o'clock Saturday night his fine team had been reduced to sitters, the National Basketball Association season was off to a devastating start and, if there were those who were uncertain of his team's correct name, everybody was certain that Boston was—again—the team to beat for the title.

Cincinnati's visit to Boston (the plane was late, and McMahon muttered about the pilot, "Well, he blew that one, too") was belied, with every justification, as the key early game, the real opener of the year in the Eastern Division. Both teams had started out strong—Boston as usual, and Cincy as predicted. The champion Celtics had won their first seven games; the Royals had a 4-1 record and stood second in league standings. Both teams were deep in experienced talent. And the Royals seemed to have learned how to beat Boston—they did it seven of the 12 times they played the Celtics last year.

There was the added promise that both teams would parade their newest recruits from the U.S. Olympic team. The Royals had signed 6-foot-8 George Wilson, and the Celtics had signed 7-foot Mel Counts of Oregon State. All these elements brought 10,341 early-season fans to the Boston Garden to rock and cheer and chant "We want Counts" in ragged rhythm.

Along toward the end of the emotion-charged evening Celtic Coach Red Auerbach got to feeling expansive—the tip of his cigar was hardly tooth-marked—and he gave them Counts. Counts is a young man full of towheaded earnestness; he talks as though his voice were going to crack shrilly at any moment, and he makes "I'm glad to meet you, sir" sound like a declaration of conscience. He saluted up early for the game, greeted each arriving Celtic with a respectful handshake and a stammered, "I'm Mel Counts, sir, and I am glad to meet you." Before the game a steady parade of people came into the dressing room just to look at him, and Counts forced himself to look levelly back at them—a situation made impressive by the fact that they were standing up and Counts was sitting down.

Meanwhile, in the lumpy dark-green dressing room assigned to the Royals—so dark it was like the inside of a cucumber—Coach McMahon talked easily, counseling his team and his Olympian. The lanky Wilson is from the University of Cincinnati; practically everybody on the team is from Cincinnati, and they all talk the same language.

The language of how to beat the Celtics, for the Royals and for any of the teams in the league, comes in plays of one syllable: put a pair of good rebounders

on the boards against Bill Russell. If one of them can get the ball, the other three men wheel and run. With the Royals the offense has one more step: wheel and run and then get the ball to Oscar Robertson. The Big O, characterized by McMahon as "the world's greatest basketball player, anywhere, ever," plays 48 minutes a game for a salary estimated at upward of \$60,000 a year. He does most of the ball-handling, drives, shoots from outside, lays it up inside, shoots foul shots, and, after that game with the St. Louis (not Cincinnati) Hawks, said he could probably sing and dance a little, too, if there was time.

Under a revised system this season, a 360-game, balanced schedule has been drawn up for the first time in NBA history. "It means we will meet the Celtics 10 times this year instead of 12," said McMahon, "and we cannot let them get

continued on page 60



A clinical demonstration of Russellphobia: Royals' 6-foot-8 Wayne Embry shoots—and Bill Russell blocks. At right, Coach Auerbach wears a lit cigar, sure sign the game is won.

TWO FLAGS FOR THE CARDINALS?

Pennants have not recently flown over the city of St. Louis. This year the baseball Cardinals brought one home, and the football Cardinals may bring another from the scramble of the NFL Eastern Division **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

In St. Louis last week a bunch of guys with sledgehammers were knocking down an old burlesque house to clear ground for a new stadium, which means that by the spring of 1966 night baseball and Sunday afternoon football will have replaced sex in at least one area of the leafy and pleasant town on the banks of the Mississippi River. For the citizens of St. Louis, who sat 18 years in the gloom of Busch Stadium waiting for their baseball Cardinals to win another World Series, the new stadium is a merit badge for patience. A further reward may be granted to St. Louis fans before the first graffito is scratched into the concrete of the new stadium. The football Cardinals leaped off to a flourishing 3-0-1 record in the NFL's Eastern Division. Although they lost three of their next four games to the powerful Baltimore Colts, the rising Dallas Cowboys and the New York Giants, who seem to have come back from wherever they had been, they are by no means out of contention. The Cardinals are two games behind the Cleveland Browns, .071 percentage points ahead of the Philadelphia Eagles and one game ahead of Dallas. Cleveland still must play Detroit and Green Bay, two strong Western teams, on successive Sundays. The Cardinals have one more shot at the Browns and, fortunately, are through banging helmets against the West.

But if the Cardinals are to be successful, they will have to provide their quarterback, Charley Johnson, much better protection than he got last Sunday against the Giants. The New York pass rush reached Johnson 11 times for 96 yards in losses, and under pressure he threw three straight interceptions and three times overthrew receivers who were open deep for certain touchdowns. Giant Quarterback Y. A. Tittle, who had been written off as finished by observers of little faith, finally began to throw the way he used to. With the help

of tough running by rookie Backs Steve Thurlow and Ernie Wheelwright, Tittle bombed the Cardinals 34-17. Facing the somewhat erratic Steelers this week, the Cardinals will have to win if they intend to keep St. Louis hoping for another pennant to fly beside the one the baseball team brought home.

The football Cardinals and the baseball Cardinals are the same in name and playing site only. The baseball team is owned by August Busch, the Budweiser baron, who is a quick man at handing out rejection slips. The football team is owned 90% by Charles and Billy Bidwill, who also own a piece of Sportsman's Park racetrack in Chicago and a couple of dog tracks in Florida, and 10% by Joseph Griesedieck of the Falstaff Brewing Corp. The relationship between the football and baseball organizations is not always one of warmth and camaraderie, especially when Billy Bidwill reflects on the playing conditions at Busch Stadium, where Gusie Busch is the landlord. "We've had three colors of grass on the field this year—light brown, medium brown and dark brown," Billy Bidwill said last week. "The only water that ever gets on it is the sweat that falls off our players."

The Bidwill brothers had a serious romance with Atlanta during the spring and summer, but they decided to keep their franchise in St. Louis. "There was no legal or financial reason why we didn't go to Atlanta. They offered us a better deal than we will have here," said Billy Bidwill. "But we're going to stack it out and wait for the new stadium. It will have a nice, simple, easy-to-remember name. They're calling it the Civic Center Busch Memorial Stadium, and they'll probably put a statue of Stan Musial out front. Nearly anything will be an improvement over the park we have to play in now. Busch Stadium is a terrible handicap to us."

Football fans who are not lucky

enough to get one of the 16,000 seats between the goal lines can agree with that. But at a time when baseball owners are changing affections faster than college sweethearts, the fans applaud the Bidwills' decision to let the Milwaukee Braves leave Atlanta and to remain in a town where they have been loved not always wildly but well.

The Cardinals' most exciting runner is rookie



Because the World Series occupied Busch Stadium until October 15, the football Cardinals had to play their first five games on the road. For the home opener the 8,000 seats in the temporary East stands had not yet been erected, and season ticket holders in that section had to watch the game on closed-circuit television in an auditorium at Washington University. But the Cardinals made them happy by providing a wend and winning climax—they scored two touchdowns in the last 24 seconds to beat the Washington Redskins 38-24—and the band at half time strutted over and paid tribute to St. Louis patience by playing a number directly to the empty, dismantled East stands.

Adversity never has bothered the Cardinals. They are used to it. In 1962 they lost more than a dozen players because of injuries. Last year Running Back Prentice Gautt was hurt in the opening game and did not play again, although the Cardinals finished 9-5 for their best record since 1948. This season Linebackers Larry Stallings, Bill Koman and Marion Rushing, Running Back Joe Childress and Corner Back Jimmy Hill have been injured, Running Back Bill Triplett is ill with a tubercular infection and Split End Sonny Randle—the Cards' most dangerous deep threat—is out of action completely because of a shoulder separation suffered two weeks ago in the game against Dallas.

But this may be remembered as one of the years John David Crow (see cover) stayed on his feet and—perhaps—rallied the Cards to victory. In seven seasons Crow, more than any other single player, has become identified in the public mind with the St. Louis team. An All-American at Texas A&M and winner of the Hermann Trophy and Walter Camp Award, Crow was the No. 1 draft choice of the then Chicago Cardinals in 1957. In his first game he tore loose on an 83-yard touchdown run. That same season Crow also caught a 91-yard touchdown pass. But then injuries forced him out of several games, setting a pattern of bad luck that has plagued him throughout his pro career.

continued

Willis Gresham, who was drafted as a linebacker but was shifted to the offensive team after his showing in two college all-star games





John David Crow is helping the Cardinals this year with good blocking as well as running.

TWO FLAGS *continued*

In 1961 Crow broke a leg. In 1963 a knee operation limited him to nine carries. Perhaps because of injuries, Crow has never again been the blasting runner he was in 1960 when he rushed for 1,071 yards and a 5.9 average. But he scored 17 touchdowns in 1962 for a Cardinal record, and it must be more than coincidence that with Crow reasonably healthy this year the Cardinals did get off to their best start since the franchise was shifted to St. Louis before the 1960 season.

Crow has not been pleased by his own performance this year. Recovering from his knee operation, he put himself through an arduous training program at his home in Pine Bluff, Ark., where he is in the construction business, and reported to camp at a trim 214 pounds. "We have a flock of good running backs," Crow said last week, "and I was determined to get my starting job back. I was trying to concentrate on my blocking. I think I've had a fair year at blocking and have helped the club. But something has been wrong with my running. I've never been real fast and at 29 don't ex-

pect to get faster. But the trouble this year is my balance. The first guy who hits me, I go down."

In preparation for the Giants, Crow spent much of last week viewing old movies of himself. "I'm trying to figure out if I'm doing anything different," he said. "It could be that I haven't been using the guards right. I have to follow the guards wherever I go and make my cuts off their blocks. Traps, wheel blocks [in which the center blocks over on the tackle and a guard pulls to block the middle linebacker], sweeps, everything the guards do dictates what I do, and I haven't been doing it the way I know I'm capable of doing it."

"I want to be part of this club," Crow said. "If we win this year, we're going to win for a long time. We're moving into an era of championships. We won't be one-shotters like Philadelphia or Chicago because we have a lot of youth. We have poise and confidence. Those are the marks of the great teams. With the great teams, like Green Bay was, you see them come onto the field and you can feel their poise and confidence. You can't imagine them losing a game. Well, this Cardinal team is going to be like that."

If Crow is right, much of the responsibility for the Cardinals' new status will rest on the slender shoulders of Quarterback Charley Johnson, a young Texan with cold, gray, unblinking eyes. Johnson studies defenses with those gunfighter's eyes as if daring them to make their move. But when the defenses do make sudden, unexpected moves—as the Cowboys did two weeks ago while beating the Cardinals 31-13—Johnson's eyes often go right on staring without knowing exactly what they are seeing. He does not yet have the experience to find alternate receivers quickly under a thundering rush such as the Giants presented him. A quarterback like Johnny Unitas of Baltimore can create a play where there is none. Johnson, in only his fourth season as a pro, has to stay with the plan.

But Cardinal Coach Wally Lemm keeps his offense fairly static. Lemm, like Vince Lombardi of Green Bay, installs his offense in training camp and sticks with it. He believes the Cardinals have the personnel to make it work. The offense relies on execution rather than on deception or surprise. And at operating such an offense, Johnson is a capable mechanic with a good arm.

At New Mexico State, Johnson called the plays for a backfield of Bob Gaiters, Pervis Atkins and Bob Jackson, all of whom had more glittering reputations than Johnson but none of whom made it as a pro of Johnson's class. When Johnson arrived at his first training camp the Cardinals looked at his thin, slight frame and waited to be convinced. The fact that he was working toward a doctorate in chemical engineering—which he expects to receive in another year at Washington University with a thesis on extruder dynamics—sounded suspiciously unathletic. "But we have confidence in him," Crow said. "You can see the poise in Johnson this year. He sets up strong."

However, Johnson now has one less receiver that he was counting on, and it is a very important deletion from the Cardinal offense. Split End Sonny Randle, who underwent surgery last week, was Johnson's favorite target on the deep pass. Randle had gained an average of 20.7 yards on each of his 25 catches this year and had scored five touchdowns. He was the man who got the compliment of double coverage.

With Randle out, a particularly heavy load has fallen on Tight End Jackie

Smith and flanker Bobby Joe Conrad. At Texas A&M, Conrad played in the shadow of Crow. But Conrad—who was once called "the best touch football player in America" by his college coach, Bear Bryant—has blossomed as a professional since he became a spread receiver. Last year, with the defenses nervously conscious of Randle, Conrad led the NFL with 73 catches. He is a quiet, grinning country boy who owns a feed store near his home town, Clifton, Texas (pop. 2,230). "I run a few old mama cows on a little piece of land down there, too," Conrad said last week. "It's only 250 acres. In some parts of the country I guess they'd call that a ranch. But down home it's only a little farm, not worth talkin' about."

The Cardinal defense can help make up for any offensive failure caused by the loss of Randle when the blitz is working well. The Cowboys designed their offense for their second Cardinal game on the theory that St. Louis would blitz most of the time. Dallas eventually forced the Cards into a more conservative defense. Against New York, the Cards tried a five-man line with two linebackers and managed to tackle a fast-throwing Title for a loss only once. This put a tremendous responsibility on the defensive backs, and the Cardinals have some good ones. Perhaps the best is 5-foot-9, 168-pound Corner Back Pat Fischer, the most consistent performer in a competent secondary. Fischer is adept at tracking such receivers as Jimmy Orr, Bobby Mitchell and Tommy McDonald, and he astonished the crowd at Cleveland this year by spearing the 228-pound Jim Brown head on, lifting him and hurling him backwards. "We didn't even try to throw into Fischer's area," said Dallas Cowboy Coach Tom Landry. "It's a real dog-fight for a receiver to try to beat Fischer. We thought there were easier ways to play the Cardinals than to challenge him." The Cardinal veterans are as astonished by Fischer as the opposition is. "The veterans cut him from the squad two years ago," Crow said. "But Pat refused to give up and now he does a great job."

After six years in which nothing but an injury could, and often did, keep him out of the starting backfield, Crow has found new competition this season. The competition weighs 230 pounds and is named Willis Crenshaw. The Cards drafted Crenshaw as a future in 1962. "Going over our roster in the spring, we



Quarterback Charley Johnson prepares to hand off. He still lacks skill to beat a big rush.

thought the best chance Crenshaw had to make the team was as a linebacker," Wally Lemon said. "Then we saw him as a running back in the two college all-star games this summer, and that's where we put him. He's a bull of a back."

Crenshaw, a St. Louis native who played at Kansas State, is the Cards' most exciting runner at this point—even in competition with Joe Childress, Prentice Gautt, Thunder Thornton, Bob Paremore and John David Crow. He is all knees and elbows when he runs, and after a tackler gets past those flailing extremities there is an impressive amount of muscle to contend with. "Trying to get your arms around his thighs is like tackling anybody else around the waist," said Dallas linebacker Chuck Howley. At a recent Junior Quarterback Club meeting in St. Louis, a young fan stood up and asked Crow why Crenshaw has not been allowed to play more. "He asked the wrong man that question," Crow said later. "I'm concerned about playing myself."

Crow is one of the veterans who can recall less pleasant days, when the Cardinals were in Chicago and the crowds were small but antagonistic.

"Some afternoons we would have 10,000 people in the stands, and 9,000 were there to boo us," said Dallas linebacker Jerry Tubbs, a survivor of those campaigns. "We were the doormats for everybody to wipe their feet on," Crow said. "I'm not taking anything away from Pop Ivy [the previous coach] but when Lemm took over in 1962 he drilled confidence into us. He told us he wasn't going to make a lot of trades. He said we had the players to win the championship if we would believe in ourselves. He made us believe it. We're going to win."

If the Cardinals should make it this year, the NFL championship game would be played in Busch Stadium on December 27, less than three months after the baseball Cardinals won the World Series on that same brown grass. Two championships in one season would set off a celebration in St. Louis that would make Charles A. Lindbergh's 1927 parade down Lindell Boulevard seem like a rehearsal. But the team that wins in the NFL's Eastern Division will view the probable approach of the Baltimore Colts with considerably more alarm than the baseball Cardinals felt toward the New York Yankees. **END**

UGLIEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST IN

It was the ugliest land-speed vehicle ever seen at the Bonneville Salt Flats—a monster built in a junk-littered Akron garage by a self-educated hot rodder. Beside Craig Breedlove's sleek three-wheeled jet racer, *Spirit of America*, it looked as ungainly as a garbage truck. By contrast with Donald Campbell's multimillion-dollar British *Bluebird*, it was built for nickels and dimes. But for Arthur Eugene Arfons of Akron's Peckle Road, his appropriately named *Green Monster* was purely lovely.

Last week Arfons slipped into a worn black leather motorcycle jacket, fired up his jet engine and in that hargain-counter machine became the world's fastest man on wheels. His exhilarating two-way average speed was 536.71 mph—142 mph faster than the record of Britain's John

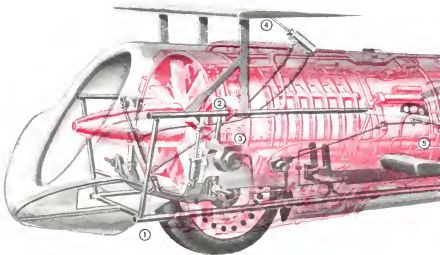
Cobb, which lasted from 1947 to 1963; 102 mph better than his own short-lived mark of three weeks before, and 10 mph beyond the Breedlove record (SI, Oct. 26), set only 12 days earlier, which had seemed safe at least until Bonneville's 1965 season.

Arfons will almost certainly remain on top for many months. Two days after his feat, rain fell on the flats, presaging the winter season of storms that puts the speed strip under water. Once thoroughly wet, the salt surface will be unusable until next summer's sunshine bakes it dry and smooth. Posed for an 11th-hour assault was Art Arfons' brother, Walt, with *Wingfoot Express* (SI, Oct. 12), but as a sort of Harold Stassen of the jet set—bringing too little too late—he faced prohibitive odds. Breedlove's *Spirit* had

crashed, of course, and the new superjet he envisions is two years away.

Art Arfons is of a breed dear to the American heart—the poor-boy-who-makes-good-on-his-own. His achievement is the more remarkable for its audacity. In this sophisticated age we have grown accustomed to technical advances as the product of lavishly financed research teamwork. Arfons thought *Green Monster* out for himself, and he built it of scrap.

A tall, smiling 38-year-old of Greek descent, Arfons has always been a special kind of hot rodder. He hit the drag strips 10 years ago—not with automotive power but with the punch of a P-38 fighter engine—then haunted surplus yards for bargain buys in jet engines. For years Bonneville regarded him as a



THE WORLD

In the surprise finale of the Bonneville land-speed season Hot Rodder Art Arfons rode his unesthetic but mighty jet car to a remarkable new record of 536.71 mph—and dreamed of going even faster **by HAYS GOREY**

shoestring sort with as much gall as go.

This year Arfons happened upon a mighty, 17,000-pound-thrust GE J79 engine which, as he puts it, had been "surplused by mistake" by the Air Force in Miami. It had come from an F-104 fighter, and its only defect was slight damage to 65 of its 1,000 or more turbine blades. It had cost the Air Force approximately \$175,000. Arfons picked it up for \$5,000, straightened the dented blades and east about for a way to go test it. Lacking funds for anything more, he lashed it with one-inch cable to two trees outside his corrugated-iron garage and shook the neighborhood with a fine healthy blast.

Firestone chipped in with wheels and tires costing some \$50,000—a paltry sum alongside the half million dollars Shell Oil and Goodyear invested in Breedlove.

There was a smidgen of help from the STP fuel-additive people, and there was also some free aluminum from Alcoa. The total cost to Arfons himself was not more than \$10,000.

With bits and pieces of salvage Arfons assembled the chassis and controls revealed in the cutaway drawing below. Then he loaded the *Monster* into a nondescript bus—also reclaimed from the scrap heap—and headed west. Arfons had to wait until his brother's car had performed. When it came his turn, he easily beat Walt's 413 mph with runs averaging 434. The next day he blew his right rear tire trying for 500. "Damn it," he said, "what counts is who's ahead when the season ends. Breedlove can beat me. If he does I'll be back."

Breedlove did beat him. Back came

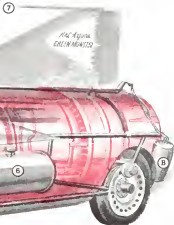
Arfons and his ugly beauty. His first day was "rough." "I felt," he said, "like I was riding up and down on a washboard. My crew told me they could see 10 inches of daylight under me. It felt like 10 feet."

The following day Arfons said he had no intention of shooting for a record. After a "disappointing" warmup at 463 mph he was glum. But then he screamed through the measured-mile at 515.98. "The course," he said later, "was all chopped up from Breedlove's runs. We found the smoothest part, but I still hunched up and down like a yo-yo. I knew I'd have to hit 550 or better on the return, because sure as shootin' I wasn't going to make another trip if I could help it." He was worried, too, about his engine's "tremendous torque reaction to the right," which put great stress on his right rear tire, where he had the blowout before. He reckoned he would have to take advantage of the extra power of his afterburner to reach record-breaking speed.

On the return run, flame and smoke from the afterburner blackened the white spume of salt rising high behind the *Monster*. Cutting in the afterburner felt "like a swift kick in the pants and everywhere else," but Arfons had his record—he clocked 559.179 mph on this second run. He also had two frightening mishaps. Just past the measured mile that worrisome right rear tire popped, and Arfons was on three tires and a naked run. Then one of the two eight-foot braking parachutes ripped free. If the other had not held, Arfons would have rocketed into a dangerous off-course mirage.

"The first time my tire went I was too busy to be scared," he said. "This time I managed to be scared to death." His fright soon evaporated. His thin wallet potentially fatter by \$75,000 from endorsements and appearances, the scavenger king of the salt flats began scheming how he might rig the *Monster* to break Bonneville's 720-mph sound barrier—and wondering how he might get his hands on the Air Force's rocket-aided research for a few tips. **END**

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE TODD



Schematic drawing of the "Green Monster" reveals the magnitude of its GE J79 jet engine and discloses (1) simple laborer frame (2) sliding engine mount to cope with heat expansion, (3) disc brake, (4) self-adjusting air filter to keep nose down, (5) cockpit, situated beside engine, with raked steel aircraft-derived steering wheel and brake and throttle pedals, (6) fuel tank, (7) air-speed sensor and (8) one of two eight-foot braking parachutes.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

THE WATCHERS OF THE RACE

The French racegoer remains clothes-consciously French. Matching, in her gingham, the holiday air of the track at Deauville, this Assome miss studies her program, while two well-turned-out gentlemen (opposite) reflect the elegance and sophistication of the private owners' enclosure at Longchamp.

Around the world the people who go to racetracks are often more fascinating to observe than the horses. Whether they go simply to savor a sporting spectacle, to take delight in the fluid grace of a running Thoroughbred or in the hope of winning a bet, they have long attracted the skilled attention of Photographer Jerry Cooke as he has traveled the globe on assignment for Sports Illustrated. Representative of the 100 million who attend races at a thousand racetracks are those in the striking photographs that we present here and on the following pages. Next week, at the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel, horses—and horse fanciers—from many of these countries will compete with the best of the U.S. in one of the sport's premier events.

CONTINUED



U.S. racing fans are far less concerned with proper dress than with making a prophetic choice of a winner. Lined up five deep on the grandstand



side of the walking ring at old Belmont Park, their faces mirror the moods of horseplayers: confidence, uncertainty, scorn, even total distrust.



CONTINUED



The universal pull of racing is well illustrated by crowds that often exceed 50,000 at luxurious and functional tracks in the Far East in cosmopolitan Hong Kong (above and left). Cooke found the same intense absorption in a stretch drive as can be seen at Aqueduct and a well-tailored pulchritude to match that of Paris. At a turf course in Tokyo (opposite), the stance of the student of form may vary from the global norm, but the object of the between-races effort—to pick the winner next time—is still the same.

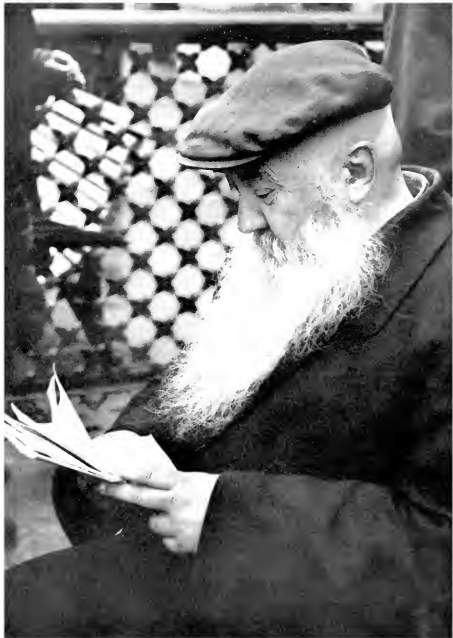




WATCHERS OF THE RACE *continued*

Time was when racing in Russia presented a glorious spectacle of richly jeweled nobles and elaborate pomp, but if the scene has changed, the enthusiasm of the racegoing comrade has not, and one occasionally still sees (opposite) a full, luxuriant prerevolutionary-style beard. Betting is extraordinarily heavy at Moscow's Hippodrome, possibly because earning a ruble is hard, and much of it is man-to-man, away from the windows; odds are not posted before races, but after. If racing thrives despite that hazard, no bureaucracy of Big Brothers can ever keep the Little Brothers away from the rail.





LOOK OUT, MISTER ROBERTS

For Columbia, Archie Roberts runs, passes, kicks, tackles and gets a bloody nose every Saturday

by ALFRED WRIGHT

With less than half of the 1964 football season to go, it is beginning to look as if the best all-round player on the eastern seaboard (and possibly in the entire country) may finish the year alive. Archie Roberts, the Columbia quarterback, has spent most of his first two seasons and the first five games of the present one as perilously as a skiff in a typhoon, dodging mayhem-minded tacklers on Ivy League football fields. In the process he has set a new league record for pass completions, for yards gained passing and he has established one of the highest completion percentages in the nation. When he has no receivers to throw to, he runs with the ball, and that happens often enough to make him Columbia's leading rusher. He does all the punting for his team, and he plays safety on defense, making a disproportionate number of the tackles and batting down or intercepting passes. Last year, after each game was over, Archie would return to the field house, bloody and bruised but still smiling, and conduct a postgame interview over the college radio station with one of his teammates, coaches or opponents. Legend has it that he also paints the white lines on the gridiron before the

continued



SCOOTING AWAY FROM HUGE LINEMEN, ARCHIE SEARCHES FOR SOMEONE TO PASS TO

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contest and sweeps out the locker room afterward.

As an example of the way it usually goes for Roberts, in a recent game against Princeton he completed 19 out of 35 passes for 206 yards. Early in the game he thwarted a Princeton touchdown by recovering a fumble on his own one-yard line. He stopped another Princeton drive by intercepting a pass and returning it 54 yards. He scored his team's first touchdown with a quarterback sneak and passed 19 yards to Halfback Roger Dennis for the other. One of his six punts traveled 61 yards, but another was blocked in the end zone for a safety after a bad pass from center. Of course, Columbia lost the game, 23-13. Much the same thing happened two weeks ago against Rutgers. Roberts set all sorts of Columbia records by completing 25 of 39 passes for 320 yards and three long touchdowns, but again his team lost, 38-35.

By now Archie is used to adversity. He just smiles his friendly, boyish smile through puffed lips and goes out the following Saturday to try again. In the 2½ years since he has been on the Columbia varsity the team has won 10 and lost 11 games. It is not pleasant to think what the record might have been without one of the finest college quarterbacks of recent years.

Some people have trouble understanding why Roberts insists on submitting himself to such weekly frustrations, but they just do not understand Archie. He plays football because he thinks it is a marvelous way to spend Saturday afternoon in the autumn, and he plays gladly for Columbia because he believes the university is providing him with the best premedical education he can get. He might just as easily and far more profitably have played for any of those large middle-western or southern colleges that favor unconditional-surrender football. As the quarterback for the undefeated Holyoke (Mass.) High School, he was the most widely courted high school player of his region.

Roberts has succeeded in acquiring a kind of Frank Merriwell coloration since becoming a Columbia celebrity. Not only was he an instant star at football in his sophomore year, but that spring he was also the shortstop and leading hitter on the baseball team. Against the advice of Athletic Director Ralph Farley and his faculty advisers,

Archie added basketball to his athletic portfolio as a junior, thus becoming Columbia's first three-letter man in more than a decade. "He persuaded me he could do it," says his friend and counselor, Henry Coleman, the university's young dean of admissions. "He has a way of making you believe he can do what he says he can do. Archie is a very convincing guy."

When he is not playing games or maintaining a respectable B-minus average in one of the university's most challenging curriculums, Roberts avoids idle hours by participating in such campus frivolities as the Newman Club, the Pre-medical Society, the Undergraduate Dormitory Council, the Undergraduate Athletic Advisory Council, the Citizenship Council and the Alpha Chi Rho fraternity. As a freshman he was given a \$50 bond as the Morningside Brotherhood Award for his work as a coach and supervisor with the underprivileged children who live in the slums of Harlem adjoining the Columbia campus. As a scholarship student, Archie has had to work his way through college, and for the first three years one of his jobs was delivering *The New York Times* to dormitory rooms at 6 a.m.

A certain number of New York sports-writers have been sufficiently awed by Roberts' accomplishments to write of him as if he were something extraordinary. This annoys Archie's young bride, Barbara Hudson Roberts, whom he married rather impulsively last August. Barbara is a nice-looking no-nonsense girl with straight no-nonsense dark-brown hair. She met Archie while she was doing her premed work at Barnard College, the female wing of Columbia where no-nonsense girls are in the majority. With a mutual interest in medicine, among other things, they figured out they would waste a lot less time if they completed their studies as man and wife.

"The trope that gets written about Archie!" Barbara says vehemently. "None of it is exactly untrue, but it just isn't like him."

"What is he like?" Barbara was asked.

"Of course, he's a very good athlete," she replied, "but that comes easily to him. Also he is basically very thoughtful about other people's feelings, but he is careless, too. He has absolutely no sense of time. You will be walking along with him through the campus or down the street, and he will stop here and stop there when people speak to him, because

continued



AWAY FROM THE HAZARDS OF FOOTBALL, ARCHIE DOES LAB WORK FOR PREMED COURSE



SKIERS AGREE
YOU
GET
MORE
RUNS*
FOR
YOUR
MONEY

at
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ROBERTS continued

everyone wants to say something to him about a game or something, and he doesn't want to hurt anyone's feelings. He is friendly with absolutely everyone. I remember one time when I was still at Barnard [now in her fourth year of college, Barbara has moved on to New York University Medical School]. Archie was two and a half hours late picking me up. He didn't do that again."

Archie was almost late to his wedding, however. The night before he had been in Chicago working on the broadcast of the All-Star football game for the ABC network, with whom he had a summer job, and he caught an early plane back to New York in the morning. "The wedding was supposed to be held at 11 o'clock on Pearl River, where Barbara lives," recalls Archie. "That's about an hour's drive north of New York on the other side of the Hudson. I didn't get into Kennedy Airport until 9, and I had to rent a car and then go into the city to pick up Pat Sheehan, my best man. We stopped at a gas station along the way to change into our wedding clothes and arrived at 10 minutes to 11. Barbara swore I wasn't going to make it."

As Barbara Roberts says, it is Archie's utter normality that confounds people. Roberts is simply a friendly, easygoing young man whose fresh-faced good looks would make him the ideal model for a Norman Rockwell painting of the boy next door. He was born and raised in the tidy New England factory town of Holyoke, where his mother and father and their families grew up before him. Mary Roberts, his mother, is a large, cheerful lady with white hair who comes from Irish baseball lineage that includes Jack Doyle, a first baseman and manager of the New York Giants in the trolley-car era. Arthur Henry Roberts, Archie's father, is the peppery and popular director of athletics and assistant principal at Holyoke High. In the late '20s, Art Roberts was a star if pocket-sized, quarterback for NYU, and afterward he coached there before taking his family back to New England.

Despite his own athletic background, Art Roberts avoided pushing his son into sports. Archie won the first six or seven years of his life horsing around with tomahawks and bows and arrows and other tools of the cowboys-and-Indians trade. In 1950, when the Holyoke football team coached by Art Roberts went to the Peanut Bowl game in Geor-

gia, 75-year-old Archie insisted on staying home so he could watch a Gene Autry movie at the local movie palace on Saturday afternoon.

By junior high school time Archie had worked the tomahawk out of his system and was in sports to stay. He fell naturally into the quarterback's job on the football team and played shortstop and pitched for his baseball team in the local pee-wee league. As a 115 120-pound sophomore in high school he became first-string quarterback for a team of much bigger boys, and everyone swears there was not a smidgen of father-son favoritism involved. "Mr. Roberts treated Archie just like everyone else," says Pat Sheehan, who then, as now, was playing center in front of Archie. "You wouldn't even know they were related." By his senior year, Archie led Holyoke through an undefeated season in football and had been named on the All-America high school basketball team.

It was in these adolescent years that the pattern of Archie's character was drawn, "Arthur," as Archie's mother calls him, for his true name is Arthur James Roberts, "was always such a good boy. His father used to say he wished Arthur would throw a rock through a window or something, just so we would know he was around."

Once Archie opted for sports, his father proved a willing collaborator. They spent long afternoons watching football and baseball on television, and together they went to the University of Massachusetts games in nearby Amherst in the Holy Cross games in Worcester. Often they drove down to New York City to watch the football Giants or the baseball Yankees. They would discuss the subtleties of strategy, and the father taught the son everything he knew about the technique of the game. He drilled him in the fine points of broken-field running.

How to fend with a hip on the head and not to commit oneself too soon to either side of the tackler. How to pivot, how to stay in the pocket—all the small but important moves that a truly first-rate quarterback must perform by instinct. "Passing is a kind of natural thing, I guess," Archie says, "but my father would correct small errors, such as not following through enough or not bringing the ball back quite right."

Any coach whose teams have banged

a member of

and stumbled after Archie Roberts will testify to the success of Art Roberts' paternal assistance. Tom Harp, of Cornell, is one. When he speaks of quarterbacks, Harp is not flying blind, for it was he who groomed young Gary Wood, the heir designate to Y. A. Tittle on the New York Giants. "As a quarterback," says Harp, "I can't think of anyone who can do the job better than Roberts. It's Roberts who keeps that offense moving, and there isn't a person I know in college hall in the country who can pass any better than Roberts. I would rate him with Roger Staubach, Gary Wood and George Mira as the top quarterbacks I've seen in college football."

John Yoviesin, whose Harvard team squeaked past Columbia 3-0, says, "Archie Roberts is as fine a quarterback as I've ever seen in 24 years of coaching at the secondary and college level."

Dick Colman of Princeton says, "I've never seen a better passer."

Buff Donelli, Archie's own coach, has to fight back the superlatives when he discusses the young man who has made his life considerably happier these past three seasons. "I could tell the first day he walked on the field," says the soft-spoken, low-pressure Columbia coach, "that Art had it. He's a well-set-up boy. When he steps on the scale ready to be taped, he'll weigh just over 190. He's six feet tall, but he looks smaller on the field, because those boys you see him next to are well over six feet. And another thing—although I hate to mention it—he never gets hurt. He's very strong, and he's always in top condition."

Donelli stood watching Archie throwing passes to the ends and halfbacks at practice one recent afternoon, and it was all he could do to keep his enthusiasm within bounds. "See that pass he just threw?" Buff asked a bystander. "That pass led the man just right, and there was no way the defender could play the man and stop it. Some passes anyone can throw. That pass has to be perfect. Art can throw any kind of pass."

Football players of Archie's stature do not naturally gravitate toward Columbia, although through the years some fine ones like Cliff Montgomery, Sid Luckman and Claude Benham have played there. Archie made his decision all by himself but only after several years of soul-searching. He was only 16½ when he received his diploma at Holyoke, and

Continued

Beginning of a spicy tale



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ROBERTS

the contest for his enrollment was keen among both the football and the academic institutions. At his father's suggestion, Archie decided to take a year of prep school at Deerfield Academy, where he would spend some time under the guidance of Dr. Frank Boyden, its distinguished Mr. Chipman headmaster.

"By that time," Archie recalls, "I decided I should go to an institution with a really good medical school. I leaned toward the Ivy League colleges because of the academic reputations they have. I thought a lot about Harvard, but I liked Columbia better after visiting both schools. I particularly liked their pre-medical program and the people I met there, such as Coach Donelli. Maybe I could have made a bigger football reputation somewhere else, but that's not the important thing."

One thing that is important to Archie Roberts right now is whether after graduation he will continue football as a professional. He has had feelers, and he would like to try it. But most of the people close to him deplore the idea; his father is against it, Coach Donelli is against it, Athletic Director Furey is against it. "We don't think we're in the business of getting fellows ready to play for the New York Giants or the New York Yankees," explains Furey, himself a former player of note. "I'm very hopeful that Archie will turn down pro offers and go right into medical school. After all, what kind of money can the pros pay a young man like Archie that would make it worth his while to delay the sort of medical career that he has ahead of him? It would just be peanuts compared to what he will be making in medicine before long."

Archie looks at pro football another way. He thinks he could do it and study medicine at the same time. He cites the cases of Dr. Bill McColl, the onetime end for the Chicago Bears, and Dr. Bobby Brown, the former Yankee third baseman. "I'll just have to wait and see what kind of offers I get," he says, but the pro glint is clearly in his eye.

"It's not the money but the challenge of football," says Barbara Roberts. "I think Archie would play for the pros for nothing just to prove to himself that he could do it. He is one of those people who believe that the busier you are, the better you perform." And there is no doubt that Archie Roberts is a busy young man.

END



MY WAY: The right elbow moves slightly away from the body, but it still points down and club points too and hole

INCORRECT: This is the real "flying elbow." Forearm is parallel to ground and club points too far to the right

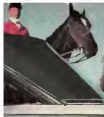


A little 'flaw' that is not a flaw

A so-called fundamental precept of golf that I do not hold with—at least, not all the way—maintains that if you don't keep the right elbow folded in against the body you cannot develop a grooved swing. No one has to look very closely at my swing to note that I let my own elbow stick out somewhat. Some critics have described this as a flaw in my swing, but I allow it to happen for what I consider to be two very good reasons. First, it permits me to take a more upright swing, one that actually makes it easier for me to keep the club head square and on line to the target. Second, it gives my swing a longer arc and thus enables me to get more power into my shots than I ordinarily would be able to.

Letting my elbow "fly" out certainly does not mean that my swing is not grooved or that it is likely to get out of control. In fact, my right elbow does not really fly. Throughout most of the backswing it is pointed in the general direction of the ground, and on the downswing it returns to the more traditional position, close to the body. By doing this, I feel I am getting all of the advantage of keeping the right elbow in close, without losing power. If your own swing is basically sound and you would like to try for a little more distance, see what happens when you move your right elbow away from your body.

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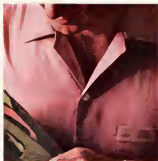
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Memphis' first authentic baseball hero since Bill Terry, home run hitter **Tim McCarver** got newspaper headlines, a parade and the key to the city when he went back to the old home town after the Series was won. Cardinal McCarver also received a verbal invoice for services rendered from Monsignor M. F. Kearney of Memphis' Immaculate Conception Church. "I went up to St. Louis on Labor Day and blessed Tim, and the Cardinals won a doubleheader," said the padre, demanding his own World Series cat. "Right," McCarver agreed. "At our club meeting we decided we owed you one blessing."

"It's the story of a very unfortunate Memphis man who got 'rested' down in old Hong Kong," sang Pianist-Composer **Hoagy Carmichael** during a memorable movie moment in 1938. And back home in Palm Springs last week The Hoag made him brought the song up to date with only a change or two, like "Tokyo" for "Hong Kong," and "robbed" for "rested." Carmichael himself was the unfortunate man this time, for there he was in Tokyo, standing with ticket in hand, waiting to get in to the National Gymnasium to watch the Olympic swimmers, and there surrounding him was a bunch of Japanese kids screaming for his autograph. And when the last one of them had gone, there was Hoagy Carmichael with stardust in his eyes and no ticket.

When both he and France were younger, **Charles de Gaulle** was a pretty fair fencer, a fine equestrian and a possible soccer player. Now that LeCharles is Grand-er he confines his exercise to playing miniature golf and heckling guests at an annual hunt on his country estate at Rambouillet. "Ah, you've missed again!" he twitted Russia's usually dead-shot **Sergei Vinogradov** last week as the latter, presumably shaken by events in

Moscow, failed to wing a partridge. For what it is worth in political augury, the U.S. fared somewhat better at the French shoot. Ambassador **Charles (Chip) Bohlen** got the most birds and, hence, the least presidential backslak.

Once the most adulated girl in Brazil, lithe brunette **Maria Esther Bueno**, winner of three Wimbledon trophies and two from Forest Hills, is suddenly unpopular enough at home to qualify for nomination as an honorary *yowai*. After returning to São Paulo at the end of her most successful tour, Maria vented some spleen in the pages of the widely read magazine *O Cruzeiro*. "I only come to Brazil because of my family," wrote Maria for opeters and went on from there. The government, she said, had faulted and double-faulted on a promise to pay for her passage home. When she was alone and sick in Purn, the Brazilian ambassador had promised to send a doctor, but the doctor never showed up. After that, the government withdrew the diplomatic passport Maria used to carry. Now, when she returns to Brazil, Maria has to endure the unabridged ritual of customs and—worse of all—pay duty on the cups she has won.

Even though his wife seems far from convinced in the picture at right, **Tory Richard Austen (Rub) Butler** was not leveling his gun last week at the Laborite who had just deposed him as Britain's foreign secretary. Relieved of the responsibility of policy making, he was merely taking aim at a pheasant at his farm in Blackmore End, Essex while Mrs. Butler took shelter behind a blind.

While on a much-discussed around-the-world trip at government expense in May of last year, Astronaut **Gordon Cooper** said he could "see the Salton Sea very clearly." This week Cooper will get an even closer

look when he goes into orbit as pilot of a Rayson-Craft ski boat in the \$28,000 Salton City 500-mile marathon. Co-drivers for Cooper, winner of the Clear Lake (Texas) Marathon last Labor Day, will be **Opdes Phipps**, who is better known for racing horses, and **Chuck Daigh**, who is better known for piloting sports cars.

Always eager to provide entertainment for his team, Alabama Coach **Bear Bryant** brought a mystery guest to the Tide locker room. Standing with his back to the players as they filed in was a man who strained the seams of jersey No. 73 and distorted the crimson plastic of an Alabama helmet. "Who," asked the fan-loving Bear, "is this 231-pound guard?" But hip Quarterback **Joe Namath**, a swinging jazz appreciator, was not to be fooled that easily. "At Hirt!" he shouted, as the bearded trumpeter swung into view. For his guest appearance, Hirt got four tickets to the Alabama-LSU game. "I was willing to do or say anything to get tickets to that game," he said.

Quite by accident, two old teammates on the same Bartow, Fla. kindergarten sports squad (class of '97) had a little reunion of their own at the University of Florida homecoming game. Retired General **James Van Fleet**, 72, and U.S. Senator **Spessard Holland**, 72, bumped into one another in the crowd of 75,000 and fell to reminiscing over the old days when the Big Man on Campus among the 5-year-olds was the man who could handle a beanbag.

Sam Sneed, a hunter whose foraging has been mostly restricted to small varmints within convenient range of the golf course at The Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., is finally getting to Africa for a big-game safari. Sammy and his 20-year-old son Jack left their golf bags at home when they departed for Dar es Salaam last week. However, that does not necessarily mean that the Tanganyika animal population will be laid low with high-powered rifles. "I think I'll take along one four-iron," said cautious Sam, "and try a shot or two with that."





AS AIR FORCE CADETS SPRAWL IN ALL DIRECTIONS, HOUSTON'S FRESHMAN HALFBACK, WARREN McVEA, SPRINTS TO A TOUCHDOWN

Warren McVea goes thisaway and thataway

The first Negro to play football for the University of Houston, McVea may be the best runner in Texas

It is fortunate that the University of Houston freshman football team plays tackle, not touch. On a recent night Houston's celebrated halfback, Warren McVea, roamed 55 yards to score against the Air Force Academy freshmen, and films of the game clearly show that nine players laid a hand on him. McVea reversed his field so often that one poor fellow was able to miss him at the line of scrimmage and still catch up in time to receive a stiff-arm in the south as McVea swept into the end zone. Either

in the game McVea ran 61 yards to another touchdown, leading Houston to a 20-14 victory.

As his performance in the Air Force game indicates, Warren McVea is not the sort of halfback who comes along just any Wednesday afternoon. During his career at San Antonio's Brackenridge High School he was the most exciting, the most talked-about and the most ardently sought-after Texas player in 20 years. In three years against the state's best high school competition, McVea scored just under 600 points. As a senior he averaged better than a first down per carry and rushed for 1,332 yards.

When Brackenridge met cross-town rival Robert E. Lee in the state playoffs in 1968, McVea's coach moved him to quarterback—a position he had never played—to confuse the defense. Boy, did he confuse the defense! In a game that has become a legend in the state, McVea scored six touchdowns, but Brackenridge contrived to lose, 55-48. Lee's Lutes Baer, now at the University of Texas, scored five touchdowns for his side and as the teams jogged upfield for one of their frequent kickoffs Baer drew alongside McVea and whispered, "Godd-dang, Warren, this is getting to be a basketball game." High school coaches in Texas

never tire of watching the Brackenridge-Lee film. It is considered the *game* with the *flair* of schoolboy football movies.

This year, as a student at Houston, McVea is under tremendous pressure. Not only is he expected to lead his school to national football eminence, which he may, but he bears the burden of being the first Negro to receive a football scholarship to a major previously all-white college in Texas. His success at Houston could determine the speed with which Southwest Conference teams integrate.

Bill Yeoman, Houston's young and energetic coach, is well aware of the pressures on McVea and wishes the race issue could be avoided. "I don't want him," says Yeoman, "to think about carrying the banner for 300,000 people in this area."

To recruit McVea, Yeoman enlisted the aid of doctors, lawyers and businessmen from Houston's Negro community. "My chances of selling the boy," he says candidly, "were zikh—one in a thousand. I only visited him two or three times. All I did then was sit down with Mama, and Warren would pass through the living room."

The living room of the McVea home has been known to grow somewhat congested. Warren has five older brothers,

most of them married, and three sisters. It was Warren's strong family ties that helped him choose Houston, less than an hour by plane from San Antonio. "When I left to enroll," he says, smiling, "Mama couldn't talk for crying so much."

The competition for McVea led to some level of persuasion. Rumors that L.B.J. interceded on Houston's behalf are untrue, but Warren did receive a letter from Harry Truman pointing out the advantages of attending Missouri. One school invited him to lunch, and when he sat down he discovered a fountain pen on either side of his salad, but no silverware.

To Yeoman's credit, he never pretended that the recruitment of McVea was motivated by any higher purpose than to land a richly promising halfback. "When I met with some of our Negro leaders," Yeoman recalls, "I told them that I'm prejudiced. I'm prejudiced against bad football players. If I didn't think Warren McVea had more ability than any kid in the state, I wouldn't want him."

McVea's football career at Houston got off to a slow start. He injured his knee on the third day of practice, and when it caused him to miss the freshman opener some of his teammates hinted broadly that he was also suffering a failure of nerve. Several days after the team doctor pronounced his knee fit, Warren was still limping in sweat clothes on the sidelines. Yeoman, however, understood what troubled him. "He has pride coming out of his ears. He knows how much people expect of him, and he doesn't want to get out there unless he can do his best."

When Houston routinely gave its freshman players a weight-lifting test, McVea, who had never worked with weights in his life, begged off. Then for a week he quietly slipped into the training room to practice weight lifting on the sly. When he finally was tested he scored one of the highest grades on the squad.

At 5 feet 9 inches and 170 pounds, Warren is not built for brute force, for third-and-two plunges. As a child playing neighborhood football, he was too small to be a blocker, nor could he throw or catch the ball. But he was quick as a firefly even then, and the older boys found a place for him. "They put me behind the herd and let me run," McVea recalls. "We'd play a lot in the evening. I'd slip out of the house after sup-

per and join the big boys. Ma didn't want me in the playground after dark, and she'd give me a whupping for it every time. But that never stopped me."

Though small, McVea is wound as tight as the string on a homemade baseball. "He has wonderful instinct," says Yeoman. He also has the balance of a high-wire artist, which he attributes to a pair of the squarest feet—size 8 double E—this side of Donald Duck. His footprints may be short and wide, but he lays them down fast. Warren has been clocked at 9.5 for 100 yards, and Houston Track Coach Johnny Morris is already mentally reserving hotel accommodations for the 1968 Olympics.

But between now and then there is a lot of football to be played and McVea is playing it well. In his second game—the freshman team plays only four games—he scored one touchdown on a pass play and set up another on a 14-yard run

as Houston won again. As a rule, freshman games are of no interest to the public, but large crowds—8,000 at the Air Force game—have turned out to watch McVea, even in practice. Tickets to freshman games are now in far greater demand than those of the varsity, and those fans who cannot get seats perch themselves atop the scoreboard or simply stand. "You never forget that people are watching you," Warren says, "and that some of them are waiting for you to mess up. But they do that with all athletes."

McVea insists that he has felt no discomfort so far at being the only Negro on the team. "It isn't a problem," he says. "I've been treated real nice by everyone." Coach Yeoman, who has done a great deal to make his young hero relax, adds: "There's only one place where Warren McVea has to prove himself, and that's on the football field." **AND**

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. SYRACUSE (9-2)

2. VILLANOVA (6-6) 3. BOSTON COLLEGE (5-2)

A crowd of 66,752, including a group of Orange Bowl scouts, invaded Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium to see if it was true what people were saying about Notre Dame. It is true. The Irish, big, bold and overwhelming, sent their husky linemen crashing through Navy's weak front to get at Roger Staubach, and although they could not keep him from completing 19 passes from a shotgun spread, they held him scoreless. Quarterback Johnny Heistrick, a neat sidarm thrower with a flair for quickly finding the open receiver, had only 10 completions but they were good for 274 yards and three touchdowns. He sent Halfback Nick Eddy on a 74-yard run with a screen pass and hit End Jack Snow for two scores. There was more, too. Halfback Bill Wolski led a 230-yard rush as Notre Dame routed the helpless Middies 40-0.

Army is lucky it does not have to play the Irish until 1965. Iowa State was almost more than it could handle. It took some last-ditch heroics by Rolfe Stichew and an end-zone pass-interference call to bail out the Cadets. Tailback Mark Hamilton scored from the one and Army won 9-7, but not until Iowa State's Ron Haida missed a 20-yard field goal in the waning seconds.

Pitt had a weird formation—what SYRACUSE Coach Ben Schwartzwalder calls a

"garbage" offense—ready for the Orange. It was a spread with Quarterback Fred Mazurek as a wide flanker and Kenny Lucas at quarterback. It got the Panthers an early touchdown, but that was all. Behind the slick running of Floyd Little and Jim Nance, Syracuse had no trouble winning 21-6.

Usually PENN STATE's Glenn Resler plays middle guard on defense and makes so many tackles most people think he is a linebacker. Last Saturday Coach Rip Engle put him in at offensive center and twice he led Fullback Tom Urbank over for touchdowns against Maryland. That, and Gerry Stank's 38-yard field goal, whipped the Terps 17-9.

VILLANOVA, undefeated, was dismayed to find itself behind Xavier 13-12. So the Wildcats shook loose Halfback Joe Santomuro for two touchdowns, then broke Fullback Tom Brown up the middle for 75 yards to whomp the visitors 31-13. AUTUMN won its fifth straight, over Boston U., 9-0.

There is no doubt about it now. The Princeton-Yale game November 14 will decide the Ivy League championship. PRINCETON's Costo Iacovizzi scored twice as the Tigers beat Brown 14-0. YALE had more trouble with Dartmouth, but finally took the Indians 24-15. CORNELL and Columbia traded touchdowns like Christmas goodies in a 28-20 first half. Then Archie Roberts' (page 34) protection broke down and Cornell won 57-20. HARVARD trounced Penn 34-0.

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1 OHIO STATE (9-0)
2. NOTRE DAME (8-2) 3. NEBRASKA (7-1)

In the Big Ten last week the subject was roses. Ohio State's Woody Hayes has been to the Rose Bowl, but he would love to go again. Purdue's Jack Mollenkopf, who has never been there, probably is dreaming about it. And Michigan's Rump Elliott, a pessimist, will not even admit there is such a thing. Right now all three have a chance to go. Ohio State and Purdue are 4-0 and Michigan is 3-1 in Big Ten games.

But not even Woody Hayes liked Ohio State's chances late last Saturday. He was prepared for what his scouts called Iowa's "three-ring circus" but did not anticipate how hard his No. 1-ranked Bucks would have to scramble to hold the eager Hawkeyes. Despite three fumbles and a blocked kick, Ohio State took a 21-13 lead. Then, while Hayes sweated on the sidelines, Iowa moved steadily forward until Halfback Craig Norvick pounded over from the one with two seconds to go. That made it 21-19. Quarterback Gary Snook tried to sweep left end for the tying points but Linebacker Dwight Kelley mugged him down six inches short of the goal line. "Why, they climbed all over us like mad bulls," said Woody unhelpfully.

Purdue needed no survival techniques to beat Illinois 26-14. Just good solid football did it. The Purdue linemen, especially End Harold Wells and Tackle Jerry Shay, repeatedly beat the bigger Illini up front. Meanwhile, sophomore Quarterback Bob Griese passed to End Bob Hadrick the caught eight) for a touchdown. Fullback Randy Munneer smashed through for three scores and the Boilermakers won easily. Asked about his chances for going all the way to the Rose Bowl, the careful Mollenkopf replied, "We're going all the way to Michigan State next week. That's as far ahead as we're looking."

Whichever Ohio State and Purdue might have in mind, Michigan just plods along methodically, hoping that someone will do it for them. With Quarterback Bob Timberlake running for two touchdowns and four extra points, the Wolverines thumped Northwestern for 29 first downs and 336 yards rushing and thus beat the Wildcats 35-0.

About all the other Big Ten teams can hope for now is an opportunity to upset somebody's New Year's plan. Michigan's, for instance, can make trouble for Purdue. The Spartans looked impressive downing Wisconsin 22-6. Minnesota, too, can hurt the Boilermakers. Quarterback John Hankinson passed the Gophers to a 21-0 win over Indiana.

Missouri tried to gamble against unbeaten NEBRASKA in the last quarter of a scoreless game. When Quarterback Gary Lane faded

back to his end zone to pass, Husker sophomore End Coleman Longston stormed in from the blind side and dropped Lane for a safety. A few minutes later Nebraska Quarterback Bob Church and Halfback Kent McCloghlin teamed up on a 37-yard pass play and down went Missouri 9-0. Now it is up to KANSAS to keep the Huskers from the Big Eight title. The Jayhawkers played it cozy as they edged Kansas State 7-0 on Halfback Gale Sayers' 77-yard run. Oklahoma had a time holding off Colorado 14-11.

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: Tulsa's Jerry Rhone, the nation's leader in passing and total offense, had another fantastic day against Oklahoma State. He completed 35 of 43 passes for 488 yards and four touchdowns.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Ohio State Linebacker Dwight Kelley. They call him Ick! Kelley saved a 21-19 win over Iowa for the Bucks. He blocked an extra-point kick, then stepped Gary Snook on a two-point play.

Oklahoma State, unshipped, ran into the hottest power in the country—ILLINOIS' Jerry Rhone—and what had been the nation's second-best pass defense suddenly disintegrated. Rhone threw for four touchdowns. End Howard Twilley caught 15 for 217 yards and two scores and Tulsa burned the Cowboys 61-14.

Main of Ohio had a surprise for armstrong and an unbalanced line and a switch to a running game. But the undefeated Falcons had their own secret weapon, Sophomore Fullback Stew Williams, a 230-pounder who moves like an avalanche, roared over the Redskins for the touchdown that won the game, 21-18.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1 OREGON STATE (9-0)
2. OREGON (8-1) 3. USC (8-2)

The way things are going on the West Coast, the AAUW may have to draw straws to pick its Rose Bowl representative. Only a week ago people were wondering if Oregon or USC—the most likely candidates then—would have a chance against the Big Ten champion. But both seems lost last Saturday and now Oregon State is the from-runner. Chances are the Beavers will not last very long either.

Oregon got its first defeat from STANFORD. With Quarterback Bob Berry nursing a sore shoulder and banged-up knees, the Ducks were hard pressed to master an offense. What's more, the Indians pushed the Oregon defense all over the field. Even so, the Ducks led 8-7 until—with just 13 seconds to go—Braden Beck booted a 21-yard field goal to win for Stanford 10-8.

USC went into the fourth quarter with a 13-0 lead over listless Washington. But Todd Helton, a third-string quarterback who had dunned Coach Jim Owens for a chance to play, got the Huskies going. He passed eight yards to Charlie Brownrigg for one touchdown, then guided Washington 47 yards for another. Jeff Jordan going over from the two. Ron Medved kicked both the extra points, and the Huskies won 14-13. Said USC's Johnny McKay, "I've never had a bigger disappointment."

For the second week in a row, California had victory snatched away in the final minutes. "It was like watching a rerun of a Frankenstein movie," said Coach Roy Wilsey. This time it was UCLA that did in Cal, 26-21. Quarterback Craig Morton did his best, completing 24 of 43 passes for 288 yards and two scores. But UCLA's Larry Zeno beat Cal with a neat 90-yard pass to Kurt Altmeppen in the last minutes. Orders state, meanwhile, continued to look good. The Beavers whipped Washington State 24-7 for their sixth straight as sophomore Quarterback Paul Brothers passed for one touchdown and ran for a second.

New Mexico made no special plans for Wyoming. It just wound up two-way Quarterback Sean Quintana and sent him out against the Cowboys. Quintana had his best day—one touchdown passing, a second running and a 90-yard run that set up a field goal. New Mexico won 17-6 to clinch a tie for the Western AC title. Utah State chuckled at the prospect of playing in-state rivals, a bearbag. But sophomore Quarterback Virgil Carter ran and passed the Aggies away as BYU had the last laugh, 28-14.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1 ALABAMA (7-0)
2. GEORGIA TECH (3-4) 3. LSU (3-4-0)

As usual, the hellum in LSU's crowded Tiger Stadium last Saturday night was absolute. Cowbells clanged, cheerleaders screamed. The two teams battled each other viciously. Ole Miss led 10-3 with six minutes to play and it seemed that LSU was in for its third straight loss to the Rebels. Then the clanking Tiger defense forced Mississippi's Doug Cunningham to fumble a punt, and LSU Guard John Aaron recovered on the Ole Miss 47. Quarterback Billy Ezell, in for injured Pat Screen, took the Tigers in for a touchdown in three plays, the last a 19-yard pass to tall sophomore End Billy Masters. Naturally, LSU went for the winning points. Ezell threw, flanker Doug Moreno juggled the deflected ball, then grasped it firmly to give the Tigers an 11-10 victory. "We never considered kicking for a tie," said Coach Charlie McClellan later. "When you have to fight for your life, it's nice to get a little extra out of it."

Continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

LSU, however, will need more than just a little extra for unbeaten ALABAMA this Sunday. After some anxious moments when Mississippi State led 6-0 in the first quarter, the Alabama defense settled down and the offense went to work. David Ray got "Bama" ahead 9-6 at half time with 34-, 40- and 21-yard field goals, and Quarterback Steve Sloan, passing and running the option smartly, rattled State in the second half. Fullback Steve Bowman cracked over twice from the one and Alabama was 23-6.

Auburn, playing without tiling Quarterback Jimmy Sidle, was simply no match for FLORIDA. The alert Gator defense intercepted four of sub Quarterback Joe Campbell's passes. Halfback Dick Kirk ran one of them back 84 yards for a touchdown and Florida whipped the toothless Tigers 14-0.

Trying to pin down undefeated GEORGIA TECH was becoming a hopeless chore. Duke Coach Bill Murray thought he could do it with the I formation. He reasoned that Fullback Mike Curtis' rushes up the middle would draw in the Tech defense so Quarterback Scotty Glacken could throw to his Lonely End and halfbacks. Duke outgamed Tech 371 yards to 270. Glacken completed 24 passes for 263 yards, but still the Blue Devils lost. Tech's offensive linemen suddenly began to move people and its split T option worked beautifully. Halfback Terry Haddock scored twice off it, and the Jackets took their seventh, 21-8. "It's just sickening. We did everything as planned except cross the goal line," complained Murray.

Kentucky, for all its toughness, was still losing. WEST VIRGINIA's Allen McCune threw for three scores, ran for another as Kentucky lost its fourth straight, 26-21. TULANE had better luck. The aggressive Greenies surprised VMI 25-6 for their first win. GEORGIA romped over North Carolina 34-8.

THE SOUTHWEST

**THE TOP THREE: 1. ARKANSAS (7-0)
2. TEXAS (6-1) 3. TEXAS TECH (4-3)**

Somewhere, somehow, some team may find a way to beat ARKANSAS, just as some team may come up with a method of losing to Texas A&M, but Quarterback Fred Marshall saw to it that the unbeaten Razorbacks and the unwinning Aggies stayed that way for at least another week. In the first period Arkansas went 83 yards for a touchdown, Marshall passing and running for all but nine of them. Before the half ended, Arkansas had a fat 17-0 lead. That was plenty. In the second half, Arkansas' quick defensive platoon manhandled the Texas A&M backs so thoroughly the brooding Aggie fans stopped the game four times with a roar of boos. It changed nothing, including the score, which stayed 17-0.

All week long SMU drilled behind closed gates on a play designed especially to beat TEXAS. It almost worked. The play started with a lateral that crossed half the state of Texas, followed by a pass. SMU moved up and down the field with it, but when it came time to score, Texas' do-everything linebacker, Tommy Nobis, made a one-handed interception. Thirteen plays later Ernie Key scored and that was it: Texas 7, SMU 0.

Bear Coach Jess Neely nearly fell out of bed (where he was stuck with a sore throat) when Owl Halfback Gene Fleming scooted 88 yards on the first play from scrimmage, putting Bear six points up on TEXAS TECH. But that ended Rice's offense, and Tech's Ken Gill booted 33- and 36-yard field goals in the second half to tie the game 6-6.

"Eat Bear" was the way the TCU cheering section put it, and Jim Fauver and Larry Bullock got the message. The two backs took turns following behind a herd of mowed blockers and simply ran over Baylor 17-14.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Alabama over LSU. Both are unbeaten, but Bear Bryant wins the big ones.

Georgia Tech over Tennessee. The Tech defense has yielded only three points per game.

Syracuse over Army. The Cadets are hurting, while Syracuse has depth.

Wake Forest over Pitt. That attacking defense will make the Irish winners again.

Boston College over Villanova. The Eagles will give plucky Villanova its first loss.

Michigan over Indiana.* Bump Elliott always beats brother Pete. He will again.

Purdue over Michigan State. Purdue has more muscle for this Big Ten rumble.

Kansas over Nebraska. The undefeated Huskers are ripe for an upset.

Arkansas over Rice. With the Cotton Bowl in sight, Arkansas is not about to flinch.

USC over Stanford. The swifter Trojan pass and run better than Stanford.

OTHER GAMES

AUBURN OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE
CALIFORNIA OVER WASHINGTON
FLORIDA OVER GEORGIA
IOWA OVER MINNESOTA
NAVY OVER HAWTUNG
OREGON OVER WASHINGTON STATE
OSGEO OVER STATE OF INDIANA
UTAH STATE OVER WYOMING
BRIMINGTON OVER HARVARD
TEXAS OVER BAYLOR

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LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

15 RIGHT, 7 WRONG, 1 TIE
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BOATING / Carleton Mitchell

Silver and bronze medals for a golden team triumph

For the first time in years Olympic sailors from the U.S. failed to win a single first place, but as a team they did what no other nation has ever done before. They took a second or third in every racing class

The huge crop of gold medals harvested in Tokyo by U.S. track and field men was well publicized in America, but as far as the daily press was concerned the Olympic yacht racing—on the bay called Sagami where Fujiyama forms a serene background for some of the world's most frustrating sailing conditions—was conducted in relative secrecy. And when the news finally seeped through that American sailors had won not a single gold medal, it seemed almost like a report of failure—a thoroughly false impression that in fact obscured a magnificent team achievement for the American sailors.

For the first time in Olympic history one nation's yachts—those of the U.S.—took a medal in each of the five Olympic classes. Don McNamara took a bronze in the 5.5-meters; Lowell North took a bronze in the Dragons; Peter Barrett took a silver in the Finns; Dick Stearns did the same in the Stars; and Buddy Meigs took a bronze in the Flying Dutchmen. Those who think statistically might note that this represents one-third of all the prizes awarded to the sailors of 38 nations.

The U.S. triumph has broken a virtual European monopoly in such classes as the Finn and the Dragon, both of which are as Scandinavian as smorgasbord, and the Flying Dutchman, whose country of origin is apparent from the name. In Naples, the yachting venue of the 1960 games, no Americans placed in any of these. This year they won a silver and two bronzes. In the Stars, the largest

keel boat class in the world (its sail numbers extend up to 4,915, which gives some idea of the competition faced by an Olympic finalist), there was an improvement of U.S. position from third to second. It was only in the 5.5-meter class that an American boat missed doing as well or better than last time, but it was a miss no more than the thickness of a few coats of paint, in the last few yards of the last race.

As Team Manager Julian K. (Dooley) Roosevelt put it, "We had to show up with five potential gold medal winners in order to be sure of a medal of some sort in each class."

Just how close the American team came to a possible clean sweep of the top spots will remain a secret of the shifting winds of Sagami Bay, but golds were within reach of most U.S. helmsmen throughout, if the breaks had gone one way instead of the other. The Russians, incidentally, won nothing, and only Germany and Denmark accounted for more than a single prize.

Most of the credit for this strength across the board belongs to the United States International Sailing Association, formed in 1958 primarily to help finance American racing sailors who might otherwise be unable to compete in overseas events.

Prior to 1960, the first requirement for anyone wishing to compete in the Olympic Games was a purse deep enough to pay the transportation costs of boat and crew. From bankrolling representatives abroad, the USISA moved into the busi-

ness of improving the quality of the export. This has not only taken the form of assistance to individuals but also to class organizations, especially those competing in the Olympic Games.

Ten years ago there were no Finn dinghys in the U.S., although they had been designed by Richard Sarby of Sweden in 1950 for use as the Olympic single-handed class in Helsinki. In 1956, U.S. eliminations before Melbourne had to be held in other types, and American sailors had to borrow Finns from Canada to hold the final trials in the boat they would be using in the Games! Now there is an active national class. The 200 Finn monotypes scattered among fleets throughout the U.S. are only a splash in the bucket alongside the 1,000 or more maintained by the Soviet Union, but through such encouragement as using the Finn in the Massachusetts Bay and NAYRU Single-handed Championships, experts like Barrett have been developed, and no doubt the process will continue to accelerate in the next four years.

Another effort of the USISA has been to encourage outstanding sailors in non-Olympic classes—or in Olympic classes where there is talent in depth—to shift their allegiance to Olympic-sanctioned boats. Thus this year in Japan four-time Star Class World Champion North sailed a Dragon, while three-time Mallory Cup winner Harry C. Melges Jr. was lured into the cockpit of a Flying Dutchman. Like the Finns, both of these European classes now have active American organizations and the numbers of boats being raced in each is steadily increasing.

"What encourages me so much is that we've had no significant drop in our strong classes, while becoming competitive in our bad," said Docley Roosevelt on his return from Japan.

Trying to guess the daily wind pattern and the shifts within shifts became the overriding obsession of the Sagami Bay competitors. In six races out of seven the breeze flowed off the land, funneling through one of two valleys.

"Towards the end of the racing the fleet would split into port and starboard tack groups at the start, each playing one side of the course," said one competitor. "Every time one batch would reach the first mark way ahead of the other. Trouble was you never could be sure which group to be with." A wind

continued

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direction and strength indicator on a day of winds averaging 23 knots recorded shifts of 20 to 25 degrees at a frequency ranging from 1½ to 2 minutes. "The tape looked like the electrocardiogram of a guy about to be carried off to the morgue," commented 5.5-meter sailor Don McNamara.

It would be a tow-up among McNamara in the 5.5 *Bongo*, Stearns at the helm of the Star class *Guber*, and North in the Dragon *Aphrodite*, as to who had the bitterest disappointment on the final day, when all lost out for gold medals. North went in leading on points but had his only poor start and never could break through the pack. Stearns was second by a bow, and McNamara fouled out 10 yards from the finish.

"It was a case of going for broke," Don said afterward. "The day before we had been forced over the line early. We were just the cheese in an international sandwich. The Russians and Swedes were on one side, the Italians were on the other, and by the time we restarted we were last. We finally managed to finish third, but on the final day, under the Olympic scoring system we had to get a first to Australia's third, a second to their sixth, or a third to a ninth, to win the gold. A quarter mile from the finish, it seemed in the bag. *Bongo* was in front on the starboard tack, laying the line, Sweden was second, Switzerland third, and another boat was also ahead of the Aussies, putting them fifth.

"At about 80 yards from the finish we got herded off 10 yards below the mark, which meant we would have to tack. The Swede was about 10 feet to weather and 1½ lengths astern. It was a question as to whether I could cross him or not. If we waited until he tacked and followed him across the line, or if I dipped under his stern, we had a sure second in the race—but a silver medal for the series, because there was the Australian coming in fifth. Hell! When we got to the lay line, 10 yards from the mark, we went for it. I lost the gamble. *Bongo* couldn't clear. The Swede altered course, and I withdrew."

Don McNamara paused and grinned. "It hurt, but I'd do it again. We came to win."

And while they didn't quite, Dooley Roosevelt's postseason remark, "Looks like we're on our way up in Olympic sailing," seems something of an understatement.

END



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Two women with sharpened fingernails

In the dozen battles for the Bermuda Bowl since the World Bridge Team Championship was inaugurated in 1950 only one woman has ever played. That was Helen Sobel, who was my partner in 1957 (the match, alas, that started Italy's run of six consecutive victories). But when the Trials to select our 1965 team began in Dallas later this month two of the 36 candidates will be women, and both of them will have their fingernails sharpened.

Helen Portugal will be playing with her husband, Morris. In 1960 this Los Angeles couple became the first and only husband-and-wife partnership to win the Life Masters Pairs event. They qualified for the Trials by finishing second in this year's Vanderbilt Cup team championship.

On that same team was Dorothy Hayden of Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., playing in a highly successful partnership with B. Jay Becker of New York. This couple's other big wins in the past year include the Blue Ribbon Pairs played last fall in Miami Beach and the Life

Neither side vulnerable
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NORTH
 ♠ K 9 2
 ♥ K 7 5
 ♦ Q 10 8 6 5 2
 ♣ Q

WEST
 ♠ Q 10 5
 ♥ A J
 ♦ 9 4
 ♣ A 9 7 6 3 2

EAST
 ♠ 7 4 3
 ♥ Q 2
 ♦ A J 3
 ♣ K 10 8 5 4

SOUTH
 ♠ A J 6
 ♥ K 10 9 6 4 3
 ♦ K 7
 ♣ J

SOUTH (Mrs. Hayden)	WEST (B. Becker)	NORTH (Dorothy)	EAST (S. Sobel)
1 ♥	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
2 ♣	PASS	3 ♣	PASS
PASS	PASS	4 ♥	PASS

Opening lead: 9 of diamonds



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• Masters Pairs this summer in Toronto. Either of these victories would have qualified them for the coming Trials.

What are the chances that one of these ladies can win a place on our 1965 international team? Before I answer this, let me cue this week's hand, which contributed to their team's success in the Vanderbilt, as an example of how brilliantly these women play.

The bidding was highly aggressive, but it was late in the match and Mrs. Hayden and Becker felt they were in need of a swing. It required high-level ratiocination to turn the swing into a favorable one.

Dummy's 10 of diamonds was played, and East flickered momentarily before covering with the jack, won by Mrs. Hayden with the king. Stock-taking revealed slim prospects of bringing home the contract. With losers in clubs and diamonds, it appeared essential for declarer to limit losses to one trump trick and avoid any loser in spades. Apparently this meant playing East for the ace of hearts. But if East held the heart ace, he would not need to wonder whether partner had led a singleton or a doubleton diamond. He could afford to win the first diamond trick and return the suit, knowing that he could win the first trump lead and play a third round of diamonds to give partner a ruff. On this excellent reasoning, Mrs. Hayden decided that West must have the ace of trumps and that another play for the contract would have to be discovered. She found it by promptly returning a diamond, knocking out East's ace. East could have defeated the contract by leading the king of clubs before playing a third diamond, but South's powerful bidding led East to place her with the ace of clubs, and he returned a third diamond. South discarded the jack of clubs, and West had to trump with the jack of hearts. Declarer gained the lead by ruffing the club return and led a low trump. West had to play the ace, and the defense was kaput. South's king of hearts would draw the last trump, and dummy's king of spades remained as an entry to the good diamonds.

Few men would have had the hand as aggressively or played it as wisely as Mrs. Hayden. Nevertheless, I don't think either lady will finish in the top three in the coming Trials. Against them both is the exhaustive nature of the Trials—six days in length—and in such a marathon test women tend to tire before men. In my next column I'll predict which pairs will make the team.

END

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THE PANIC IS ON

by Michael Posner

off to one of their spectacular starts. Last year we were 15 and 10 at one point, and Boston was 15 and 1. We went on to win 40 of our last 55 games, but there they were—far out in front. Our rule for this year is simply to stay with them."

Against the Hawks in Cincinnati the night before the Celtics crusher, the Royals had looked good enough to stay with any club. The Big O had scored 39 points—high-point man on the Hawks was Bob Pettit with 34—and had saved the game from defeat by running through the fourth period, cutting, wheeling and shooting like a phantom.

Now, in the Boston arena, the old-time Royals had advice for new-time Royal Wilson. He had just joined the team the night before, had not learned any of Coach McMahon's estimated 34 plays and had just about had time to find a uniform that fit. "Man, you can't have Russellphobia yet," said Tom Hawkins, one of the most spectacular jumpers in the league, who stands 6 feet 5 and can jump to 11 feet 1 from a flat-footed stance. "It's a thing that happens to people when they play the Celtics. I have seen guys going in for an unmolested layup—I mean nobody near them—and just when they get up there, they suddenly look nervously over their shoulder for Russell to fall on them. Don't let it happen to you. Of course," he shrugged, "I must say that I have gone in there and jumped a foot over the basket—which is quite a jump—and I've looked up and there is Bill Russell a foot above me, about to stuff the ball down my throat."

In the disastrous hour that followed, Wilson, the rest of the Royals and the basketball world in general learned again what a special demoralizing factor Russellphobia and Celtaphobia can be. With Tommy Heinsohn and the Jones boys—Sam and K.C.—eluding at them on all defensive sides, the Royals opened strongly. At the end of the first period the score was tied at 26-26 and there was no sign that the phobias were starting to nibble at the edges of the team psyche. ("But there was that certain something..." Coach McMahon growled after the game.) On the Celtic bench Red Auerbach was feeling good enough to bark irritably at the referees and roll his unlit cigar menacingly around in his mouth. (It is Auerbach's bent to destroy cigars in this manner: the only time he lights one up is when he feels the Celtics

have the game won. Then he sits there like a heavily jowled genie hidden in a dense blue cloud of smoke.) At the half the Celtics were ahead 52-48; Cincinnati was actually leading in rebounds. Jerry Lucas had 16 against 13 for Russell, the Royals had 38 against the Celtics' 36. But the phobias took hold as Auerbach knew they would.

Perhaps it is something Auerbach pumps into the dressing-room air vents; maybe it is something he puts into the team orange juice; possibly it is his demeanor—he has a steady, cold look that could curdle milk across a room—but let an average basketball player put on a Celtic uniform and he is transformed. He stands straighter, his eyes burn with a team pride and he becomes a tiger full of tank shots.

In the second-half rout Auerbach demonstrated this by 1) sending everybody off the bench to play, 2) screaming with happy invective at the officials and 3) lighting up his cigar. At one convincing period in this half the Celtics were wheeling smoothly with Russell and four players who at one time or another had been passed over by other teams before putting on the Celtic uniforms. There was Willie Naulls, once considered too fat and slow, now a sleek prowler; Larry Siegfried, who scored 18 points in 22 minutes of play; Tom Sanders and K.C. Jones.

And when Coach Auerbach pointed at Counts with his cigar and growled, "Take off your jacket and get in there," the rookie ran right out, awkwardly, fiercely, and stole the first rebound he could get his hands on. The man he stole it from was (oops!) Bill Russell. But Russell knows the Celtic feeling himself, he strolled back to the bench and watched the youth play with a kind of bemused smile.

And thus the game ended and the season began—with Russell and Heinsohn sitting comfortably underneath that smoke cloud hanging threateningly low over the Celtic bench—with an unknown rookie, a gentle, polite, sweet boy, suddenly playing pro basketball and roaring like a King Kong. The score was 122-93 when it all ended. But the game set the pattern for the rest of the season. The Royals, who still must be counted as one of the toughest teams in the association, fell prey to the phobia that stalks the circus. It looks like that kind of a year again.

END

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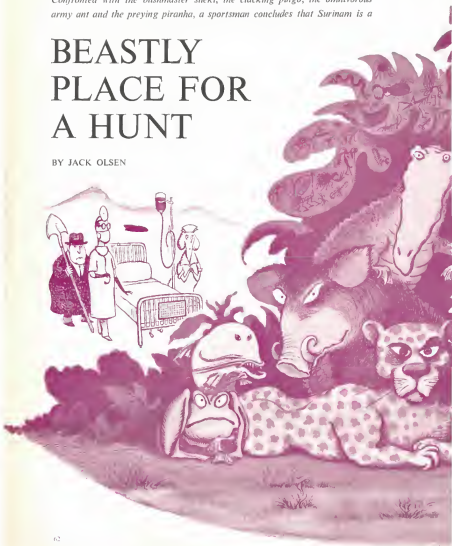
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DENMARK'S LIQUEUR DELIGHT

Confronted with the bushmaster sneki, the clacking pingo, the omnivorous army ant and the preying piranha, a sportsman concludes that Surinam is a

BEASTLY PLACE FOR A HUNT

BY JACK OLSEN



The first time you see these animals," said the Dutch hunter, "you will run, not shoot. You must hold your dogs, or they will be killed."

"This snake is most bad," said the Bush Negro. "If you are shooting at him, he do not go away, but he come at you. He follow your boat to eat you."

"These nasty insects cover the floor of the jungle like a carpet," said the government geologist, "and they consume everything in their path. They can turn a dead horse into a pile of bones in a few hours."

The Dutch hunter was talking about wild boars, the Bush Negro about water snakes and the government geologist about army ants. But all of them were talking about Surinam, formerly Dutch Guiana, a postage-stamp country on the northeast coast of South America and a new hunting-and-fishing frontier for those with plenty of cash and vast reserves of raw courage. Going there is like seeing *Mondo Cane* and suddenly finding oneself in the middle of the screen looking out at the audience. One is surrounded by terrors, hardly any of which one will ever see. Thus, like the burglar who never comes in the night, the terrors are made more real than life.

The good people of Surinam are fond of telling about the Great White Hunter from the United States who arrived with his .357 Magnum and his 12-gauge Remington for an orgy of hunting. Settling around the lobby of the Palace Hotel in Paramaribo, Surinam's capital city, the American was told about the scorpions and tarantulas, boa constrictors and anacondas, fer-de-lances and rattlesnakes, piranhas and crocodiles, and he suddenly lost all zest for the outdoors. Instead, he spent his two weeks in the hotel's casino playing the red while the black came up and casting nervous glances over his shoulder.

Henk van der Voet, a merchant of Paramaribo and an avid outdoorsman, tells of a fisherman who was trolling for the 200-pound tarpon in the Coesewijne River and, for personal and confidential reasons, asked to be put ashore. "We put him off on a log," the jolly Van der Voet recalls with gusto, "and immediately he began shouting, 'Red ants! Red ants!' So we took him back on and looked for another tree. This time we put him ashore on a hive of bees, and we all had to go over the side."

The gay vacationland that abounds in such antic phenomena lies just north of the equator between pepper and rum: French Guiana, or Cayenne, to the east, and British Guiana, or Demerara, to the west. Offshore to the east is Devils Island, *Île du Diable*, the infamous penal colony that France has shut down and would like to forget. At one time or another Surinam has belonged to the British (who gave it up in the deal for another dangerous place, New York), the Spaniards (who left little imprint), the French (whose mark may be seen in streets bearing such names as *Divertissement* and creeks called *Marechal* and *Compagnie*) and, eventually, the Dutch, who only recently granted the country full autonomy.

As a melting pot, there are few countries that rival it. Surinam has its own native Amerindians, dark and reddish in color except for some mysterious tribes said to be light and blue-eyed. It has Bush Negroes, or Djukas, descendants of African slaves who fled into the jungles from their Dutch masters. It has tens of thousands of Javanese and Hindus, brought in as contract laborers after the slaves took it on the lips. It has a large Chinese population and a nucleus of Europeans. The country glories in happy miscegenation; the Surinam flag has five stars, each denoting a different racial color: red for Amerindians, white for whites, black for Negroes, brown for Creoles and yellow for Asiatics, with an elliptical band tying them all together. The colors have bred and interbred, and the result of all this vigorous hybridization is a handsome group of people. One sees tall, lithe men with coppery skin, neatly cropped black hair and the slightest trace of a slant to their blue eyes, and café-au-lait women with long black hair, heavily accented Asian eyes and the provocative hip-wiggle of Piccadilly Circus. Surie Wongs in their wild state. All of them speak Dutch ("Put a hot potato in your mouth and talk fast and you will be talking Dutch," says Government Official Herman van Eyck). All of them also speak Tuktuki, a conglomerate native language made up of English, African, Spanish, Dutch, Hindi and imagination. And most of them speak English.

For the sporting visitor from North America the lure of Surinam is the interior, a wondrously unexplored region of jungle, rivers and open savannahs so receptive to life that there is hardly a type of flora or fauna that does not abound there. In temperate and arctic zones an animal's main problem is finding food, but in a torrid area like Surinam the



problem is not in finding food, but in avoiding becoming food. There are no homes for elderly tapirs in Surinam; death by old age is all but unknown in the jungle. The interior is full of animals that have to do impressions to stay alive. There is a frog that looks like a dead leaf, an insect that resembles a stick, a coral snake that is deadly and a cheap imitator that is nonvenomous but enjoys wide respect because of its masquerade. There also are vampire bats and six-inch caterpillars covered with spines which secrete a fluid that can lay a man up for days. There are grasshoppers five inches long, toads the size of dinner plates, beetles as big as saucers and huge butterflies with metallic blue wings that flash in the sunlight. At dawn the army ants arise from their bivouacs and move across the forest floor like a corps of rapacious soldiers. Ahead of them, creeping and flying insects flutter and jump in useless attempts at escape. Inevitably, they are going to be caught and ripped asunder, and not even the defenses of such sinister creatures as the tarantula, the scorpion and the wolf spider are of any use against the creeping scourge. The naturalist Marston Bates recalled an invasion of army ants against a tropical laboratory. "We tried everything we could think of to stop them or at least to make them change their course," Bates wrote, "but to no avail. The ants poured on in their tens of thousands, swept through our snake pit and left us with a collection of bare skeletons."

In Surinam life crawls upon life. Termites build large bulb-shaped housing units in trees. The seed of a strangler fig comes to rest high in a tree, puts roots all the way down to the ground and takes over like a grasping mother-in-law. At last the host tree is smothered to death, and the strangler fig stands alone. Patches of water hyacinth float down

rivers, defend themselves and come upshoal on the steep incoming tide, and by this yo-yo process slowly inch their way to the sea, where they join the other green stuffs rotting off-shore in a giant vegetable soup, making the coastline of Surinam totally uninviting except at the mouths of the biggest rivers. Bits of humus break off the river banks and begin the same march to the sea, picking up flowers and grasses en route, and slowly sink deeper into the water until they resemble floating gardens. Crocodiles lurk around them, and giant tarpon hulk in their shade.

The visiting fisherman would do well to leave his swimming trunks at home. The rivers of Surinam are full of slashing, gamy fish like the tarpon and the lan-lau (a catfish that goes up to 200 pounds), but they also abound in fish like the piranha, the river's own Disposal unit, and the tiny candiru, which likes to pry itself into the urethra of the swimmer with unpleasant results for all. There are wading rivers where unnamed bronze fish will rise to a dry fly and fight like grayling but where one may also step on a fresh-water stingray or get a jolt from an electric eel. The rapacity of the fish life of Surinam may be seen in the way natives fish at Kai-sergebergie, one of the government-sponsored landing areas deep in the interior. Each year the floods recede and leave a nearby moat filled with mud. The natives stack their arms deep into the mud, until they feel something bite them, whereupon they pull out their catch, wriggling at the ends of their fingers.

In such a place one comes to expect anything and believe anything, and the natives, born and bred in the jungles, are themselves often uncertain where truth ends and hyperbole begins. Their attitude toward the fearful forms of the deep forest is one of propitiation rather than confrontation, and offerings are often placed at the foot of tall ceiba trees to appease the jungle terrors.

Ironically, one of the most dreaded creatures of the interior is one of the least dangerous: the so-called anjoemara ("big fish") snake, a large water snake done up in black and brown and slightly flattened from head to tail like an eel. When an anjoemara snake is sighted at a jungle fishing camp, all activity stops. An American party was encamped on the Tibiri River recently when one of the snakes was seen swimming lazily into a tangle of rotting hyacinth and vines on the river bank. Instantly every native in the party joined in motionless vigil while one held a shotgun poised and ready. This tableau of watchfulness was maintained for an

continued



hour in the gathering dusk until all visibility was gone, and even then a few nervous natives stayed rooted to the spot, watching edges and shadows. An elderly riverman explained the anxiety: "Dot anjoemara sneki, he is the most worst of all. He has poison like the cobra; it travels through your nerves, and it makes the heat in your body go way down till you die. Dot is why we rub victims with soap and turn them over a fire, and even then sometimes they die. The anjoemara sneki, he is most dangerous because he is no afraid. He follow your heat to get you. If you shoot him and miss, he come straight at you. You throw a rock at him and he rise out of the water to get you."

The natives are firmly convinced of all this despite the fact that no poisonous fresh-water snakes are known in South America. The anjoemara snakes, according to ranking naturalists, are misidentified anacondas or South American water cobras, *Cyclopterus gigas*, both nonpoisonous. To this information, the natives of Surinam respond that the ranking naturalists can tell it to the Marines, and merrily continue their traditional roasting of anyone bitten by an anjoemara. The fact that the roastees sometimes die merely shows the natives the extreme toxicity of the snake's venom.

To make such matters even more perplexing, the Surinamers enjoy pulling the legs of outsiders, scaring them half to death and then explaining that it was all a joke. On a recent hunting trip Photographer Tony Triolo spotted a brownish-orange snake, some eight feet long, with a puffed neck like a cobra. "Is it poisonous?" he asked his guide.

"No," said the Surinamer. "Definitely not poisonous."

Triolo advanced on the snake with his camera, whereupon the snake advanced upon Triolo and lifted its head into a high striking position. "Get back!" shouted the guide. "It's deadly poison!"

Triolo executed a magnificent backward broad jump. "That was a close call," he said, and the guide nodded grimly. Two days later he told Triolo that the snake, a *red-tail*, or red-tail, was really harmless.

The most genuinely feared snake in Surinam is the bushmaster, whose venoms are not so toxic as that of the South American rattlesnake but which makes up for this deficiency by injecting a massive amount of the poison through extraordinarily long fangs. The bushmaster comes in the large economy size, up to 12 feet, making it the longest venomous snake in the Americas. Surinam also boasts the largest snake in the world, the anaconda or water-bon, a constrictor which has been measured up to 37 feet.

Sometimes these big snakes are found in almost dormant states, inspiring neophytes to attempt feats of derring-do not recommended by the natives. A Paramaribo hunter recalls: "Once an American friend of mine was hunting with some Indians when they saw a bushmaster with a head as big as a watermelon. The American shot once and missed. He shot again and the shell misfired, jamming the gun. The American said he would kill the snake with a knife, and the Indians warned him that they would all be killed if he tried it. But Americans are always doing some damned fool thing like attacking a bushmaster. The minute an American gets into the interior he begins acting like a character from an old jungle movie. Luckily the snake began moving

its head from side to side, and the Indians hauled the American off. He was highly annoyed that he hadn't been permitted to get himself killed."

The Amerindians and Bush Negroes have their own manner of handling big snakes. "When these snakes get old and bulky," explains a Surinamer, "they lose their quickness and they tend to stay on the same narrow paths. They leave behind a silvery trail of mucus, and this attracts little animals like frogs. Later the snake comes back along the path and gobbles up the frogs. The natives spot these highways, and they imbed a razor in a piece of wood and bury it along the trail with just the blade sticking out. When the big fat snake comes sliding along, he conveniently opens himself up from neck to tail."

As one might by now gather, the sportsmen who hunt in Surinam are not ordinary sportsmen, nor do they hunt in a normal manner, nor are

there many of them. A hunt, Surinam style, is an exercise in agony, a forced-march sort of affair in which no one out of top condition can take part. A hunt begins at dawn and ends at noon, when the hot midday sun becomes too much for the dogs, a motley group of skinny mixed-breeds. The idea, as you set forth from camp, is to cover as much ground as possible in this limited time. Quickly the canopy of the rain forest closes over the hunting party. The ground is almost lifeless; there is no green vegetation, because no sunlight can get through the treetops to provide photosynthesis. With no identifying landmarks, the entire sortie is conducted by compass. To keep up with the dogs, the hunters must move at a fast clip; therefore no water or food is carried. If the party comes across a certain type of liana, a vine that stores water, thirsts are assuaged. Otherwise, one does without. "You must be totally mobile," explains William Guntemels, former police chief in Paramaribo, who now, at 60, sets a hunting pace that would wind an ocelot.





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Wearing sneakers, he trots through the forest with total disdain for all the vaunted dangers. "If this place were as tough as they claim," Gummels says in a basso profundo with a thick Dutch accent, "would I still be alive?"

In the next breath he points out that a week earlier one of his dogs was killed by a seven-foot bushmaster, and then launches matter-of-factly into another tale not guaranteed to soothe the craven North American. "A friend and I hunted together one day with four dogs. We went to a place where we had already had good hunting, and we heard our dogs barking far ahead of us, and then we don't hear a thing at all. Then we find one dog, slashed to death. A few meters farther on, we find a second one, dead. The third one we never seen back

are 500 meters away. It is a roar and a clacking of thousands of teeth chewing across the jungle. They are always walking, never stopping. They walk all the way to the Surinam River and then to the Coesewijne, turn around and go to the Saramacca, then come back, always following one leader. Everything they meet on the way they kill with their tusks and their teeth. When you follow where a troop of pingos has walked you will find no animals, no snakes, no grass, no roots, nothing. They are the vacuum cleaners of the bush."

When the pingos sense danger, they come together in a tight group and gnash their teeth loudly, almost as if they were communicating with one another. "When we hear them going ka! ka! ka!" says Gummels, "we grab first the dogs,



to this day. But now we knew it is a tiger [jaguar] taking our dogs. And now we have one dog left only. He is walking back with us through the forest when suddenly we heard a noise in the brush, and the tiger is going off with our last dog. So it was for the tiger—what you call?—a total success."

The favorite quarry of Gummels and the small coterie of Surinam hunters is the pingo, a wild boar that weighs more than 100 pounds and travels in troops of 20 to 400 in a wide swath through the jungle. Hunter Orlando Brakke says: "If you are in the bush and the pingos are coming you will know it when they still

because the pingos will kill them. Then we wait for the pack to pass by, but we are careful not to shoot the leader. If you shoot the leader the pack will lose its sense of direction and run around crazy, and then you will be run over by them. One must always have a tree picked out nearby." The trick in pingo hunting is to station oneself close enough to the pack to pick off some stragglers, but not so close as to be killed. The first rule is: when in doubt, climb.

At certain times of the year the pingos go berserk en masse, milling around and swimming rivers and stomping on farmers' fields. Then it becomes easy to

continued



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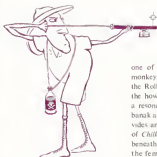
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BEASTLY PLACE (continued)

kill them with clubs or any heavy object, though nobody would consider this kind of slaughtering to be a form of hunting. Gummels tells of a man who shot 56 such loony hogs in a single day and trucked them all into Paramaribo, where their roast-young-suckling-pig flavor was enjoyed by thousands.

Another favorite Surinam target is the pakira, a smaller hog and a less gregarious one. It travels in groups of four to 12, and the group can be chased into a

pressing the boys hack at the Elks Club in Sioux City. Surinam also boasts such animals as the giant armadillo (up to 100 pounds); the capybara, world's biggest rodent; the cotinunda, long-nosed kin of the raccoon and one of the smartest animals in the animal business; the agouti, which looks like a big rat and tastes like tender beef; and a wild swamp dog that comes with webbed feet. A favorite target of the Amerindians and Bush Negroes is the howler monkey,



one of the heaviest of the American monkeys and the worst dinnermaker since the Rolling Stones. The hyoid bone of the howler's throat has developed into a resonator, and at night, high in the banak and the purpleheart trees, he provides an auditory late late show, a sort of *Chiller Theater*, for those encamped beneath. In this tree-top social structure, the female monkey is the aggressor, panting around from male to male until she finds a sport willing to mate with her. One wonders what all the howling is about.

hole by hunting dogs. "You seal off one entrance to the hole and push a stick through till you touch a pakira," Gummels explains. "That will make another pakira come out the other exit, and you shoot him. When the first one comes out, the others appear in a single file, like a shooting gallery, and you get them one by one."

Now and then hunting dogs pick up the trail of a tapir, the huge hippopotamuslike creature that may weigh up to 600 pounds. There are no ground refuges big enough for the tapir, so it seeks to protect itself by wading into water holes and snapping its powerful teeth at the dogs. The tapir is peaceful, by Surinam standards, though one hunter says "he can take down whole trees with a single bite just to get at the leaves, and he will bite a dog in two."

For the North American hunter in search of bizarre quarry suitable for im-

The sportsman who would consider going to Surinam and studying such matters should be reminded that the country, by North American standards, is still on the primitive side and somewhat removed from the flow of world affairs. You will not be eaten by cannibals and you will not be sickened by the pure, fresh water, but you will be overtaken by a feeling of insularity, a total separation from things American. The only English-language news available to the visitor is a daily mimeographed newsletter containing such items as:

"The hague: a dutch navy grumman trucker aircraft which was taken to Libya on an unauthorized flight by a dutch sailor on march 7th, on thursday returned to valkenburg naval airbase near here. (the sailor, 21-year-3: 1/4, 8:5 1/2 39 = f, took the plane from malta to ben-

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BOLEX



BEASTLY PLACE *continued*

ghazi, he is reported to have been given asylum in Libya."

And: "hollyhead, wales—the 400-ton dutch coaster *Lenie* was olated cove near here today after being accompanied by the *Lifeboat* the *Lenie* made for holly-head for a keel examination. she is not making water."

The best plan is not to read this at all and forget about the rest of the world. The daily news garble only titillates; it does not inform.

One also should be well prepared for a swarm of tourist propaganda in Surinam, for the country is belatedly trying to make itself out as a sparkling oasis of sincere native folkways in a desert of ersatz, grasping Caribbean vacation spots. To this end, a convention of foreign travel agents was recently assembled in Paramaribo, and a news release about the event proudly pointed out that "shy, barebreasted Amerindian maidens posed for them at the placid village of *Higi Seon*." The truth of the situation is that there are precious few "shy, barebreasted" females remaining in Surinam, and of those who do cavort about in the *Rudi Gernreich* manner, it must be said that when you've seen two you've seen 'em all.

Finally, the visitor to Surinam should be prepared to pay. This is no primitive country of goggle-eyed natives eager to shine the white massa's shoes for a penny. Paramaribo, once a haven for buccaneers, retains much of its heritage. A small room in a good hotel can run more than \$20 a day. Guided trips into the interior to fish for tarpon or hunt pinguos cost up to \$100 a day. There are gambling casinos, but they are leased to sophisticated U.S. interests and operated by Latins who tend to regard every gringo as a mark, inviting him into after-hours card games. "Just among us friends, señor," and then attempting the kind of cheap jiggery-pokery that was passé in Las Vegas 15 years ago. Surinam can be a pleasant and rewarding place for the vacationer, but only if he remembers the essential fact about its cities and its jungles: in Surinam the hunter is often the hunted. This can be exhilarating, as in a Graham Greene novel, but sissies had better stay home.

END



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YESTERDAY

Stage Center for the Heavyweights

The drama knew it was in a fight
when the curtain rose on John L. or
Corbett by THOMAS F. MOORE

Nowadays when a boxer makes it big he is lucky if he gets to take a bow on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Around the turn of the century, however, top fighters gathered in money by the fistful appearing on the stage as performers in plays. Perhaps the best of the lot was the handsome, mannered James J. Corbett. Gentleman Jim liked acting and was intellectually ambitious about it, playing—for instance—the title role in *Cashe/Byron's Profession*, adapted by George Bernard Shaw himself from one of his own early novels.

The first of the bruiser-emoters was John L. Sullivan who, in such epics as *Honest Heavies* and *Willing Hands*, used a method of acting a lot simpler than Stanislavski's and a lot louder than that of the Actor's Studio. John L. would stand up to audiences and yell the lines like a saloon fighter howling that he could whip anybody in the house who was man enough to step outside with him for a minute.

Sullivan's roaring style was plausible because the vehicles written for him required little subtlety of characterization. In his biggest hit, *The Man from Boston*, he played Captain Harcourt, a "bluff but golden-hearted sea dog." What Sullivan sacrificed in depth of character, the author more than made up for with an adventurous and wandering plot. The playbill of *The Man from Boston* furnishes this information about the scattered action:

Act I Seaside Villa. The Yachting Party.

Act II. The Football Team's Conspiracy. "My God! I'm Possessed!" Timely

(continued)

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Stage Center *continues*

Appearance of Harcourt. "I Will Be Your Captain."

Act III, The Forged Note Brought to Bay. Harcourt Just in Time. "Now Take It If You Dare."

Act IV, The Glove Contest. The Champion of Twelve Years. Victory for the Man from Boston.

In addition to the works tailored for him, Sullivan once played Simon Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, John L. renamed the melodrama *Me and the Bloodhounds*. Chasing Eliza possibly involved his first encounter with ace, for he normally preferred everything straight.

Other fighters followed Sullivan on the boards. Bob Fitzsimmons toured in something titled *A Fight for His Life*, before settling down with his fourth wife and becoming an evangelist. Jim Jeffries had a go in a semihistorical tour de force named *Davy Crockett*. But it was Corbett, Sullivan's conqueror, who scored the greatest triumphs on the stage. *Cashel Byron's Profession* brought together two obsessive drives, Corbett's determination to be known as a leading actor rather than a fighter and Shaw's appetite for royalties.

From the very beginning, Corbett considered boxing mere advertising for his acting. He once said, "I want to reach the point where people will turn around and say, 'There goes Jim Corbett, the actor,' not, 'There goes Jim Corbett, the prizefighter.'" The social theme of *Cashel Byron* appealed to Corbett, for in it a despised fighter rises above his station by wooing a society lady. Corbett often compared his stage talent with that of such greats as John Drew and Richard Mansfield.

Shortly after Corbett won the heavyweight championship from Sullivan in 1892, he appeared in *Gentleman Jack*, written by his manager and a collaborator. Corbett portrayed a college youth, saddled with a convict father and falsely accused of a crime himself, who wins a championship fight against one of his detractors. Other plays manufactured for Corbett were *A Naval Cadet*, *Pals* and *After Dark*, the last subtitled obscurely, *Norther Mail, Wife in Wakes*. Boxing became a poor second to acting in Corbett's life. He gave up the championship to Fitzsimmons in 1897, and was beaten by Fitz's successor, Jeffries, in 1900 and 1903. By 1906, Corbett had completely lost his taste for the ring and found George Bernard Shaw.

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G.B.S. discovered prizefighting in England in 1882 when it was still illegal. After attending his first clandestine fight, he said cynically of the buffs, "Anyone with a sense of comedy must find the arts of self-defence delightful (for a time) through their pedantry, their quackery, and their action and reaction between amateur romantic illusion and professional eye to business." He scoffed at the professed admiration for boxing techniques and went on, "The spectators did not want to see skill defeating violence: they wanted to see violence drawing blood and pounding its way to a savage and exciting victory in the shortest possible time."

Despite this ridicule, Shaw saw in the sport a platform for controversy, and he wrote the novel that was to become Corbett's vehicle. In it Shaw wanted to know why the law permitted vivisection and other bloodletting and banned prizefighting. In an afterpiece to his dramatization of the novel he deplored the knockout but remarked: "It is only fair to add that it has not been proved that any permanent injury to the brain results from it. In any case the brain, as English society is at present constituted, can hardly be considered a vital organ."

As a clothesline on which to hang his social distillations, he concocted a plot in which a professional fighter (Cashel), training near the mansion of a regal lady (Lydia Carew), wins her affections in competition with a Member of Parliament and her enamored butler.

Some years after writing the novel, G.B.S. got wind of a plan to dramatize it in the U.S. In order to protect his copyright Shaw hastily wrote a blank verse adaptation, by his own admission borrowing freely from Shakespeare and Marlowe.

When another American version, to be fashioned for Corbett, was proposed, Shaw consented to the deal, for his rights were now secure. Corbett and Shaw soon composed an international mutual admiration society. Corbett thought that some of the things G.B.S. wrote were "bright" and added that he had got a laugh out of *Maw and Superman*. Shaw, who had never seen Corbett either as fighter or actor, was all for him because he paid his royalties in advance. During rehearsal Corbett began to construct an analogy between his own life and that of Cashel—a man looked down upon because he was a fighter. Corbett told an interviewer, "I sacrificed what little social standing I had—everything, in fact,

continued

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My father wouldn't speak to me for three months afterward." His father ran a livery stable.

The play had its premiere at Daly's, New York's most fashionable theater, on January 8, 1906. Asked in his dressing room if the highbred audience would frighten him, Corbett said, "If a fellow can keep his head in the ring, with a lot of madmen yelling at him, he ought to be able to keep it at Daly's."

The first act went well. There were some gasps when Corbett appeared nude from the waist up, daring for Daly's. Lydia, the society lady, seemed to like what she saw. She also admired the manly way in which Corbett got at the core of their romance: "If I can't have the satisfaction of marrying you, I may as well have the satisfaction of saying I'd like to." The final curtain came down to spirited applause. Most of the critics were kind to Corbett.

However, there was only one really knowledgeable critic on hand, the "gentleman on the aisle" for the *New York American*. This was Philadelphia Jack

O'Brien, who later that year disputed the claim to Jeffries' vacated heavyweight title with rival Tommy Burns.

Philadelphia Jack had a knack for dramatic fiction himself. He originally made his name by knocking out a bunch of stumblebums in England and cabling back glowing reports to the U.S. He built himself up into such an attraction that, when he returned, he dictated terms to promoters and selected his own opponents. These he even rehearsed to make their fights exciting—an anticipation of the imaginative ways of modern professional wrestling.

O'Brien wrote of the Corbett play, "Nothing since my recent victory over lanky Bob Fitzsimmons gave me greater pleasure than to witness the plunge of my old friend, Jim Corbett, into the legitimate. My greatest ambition in life is to knock out Jim Corbett, but I want to do that knocking in the ringside. If I attempted to knock his histrionic abilities, I would be unfit for the task. Jim is a natural born actor. . . . The story of the play is one that interested me per-

haps more than any person in the house. It portrays the humiliation that a pugilist is confronted with when he attempts to lead a quiet social life." The critic had just been thrown out of the Waldorf and Netherland hotels for creating disturbances. "The plot hinges on his [Cashel's] accidental acquaintance with a rich society girl while he is training for a fight. If the lady had been at all wise she could have tumbled to the fact that he was a prizefighter right away. He shifted his feet and clinched his fists which, by the way, was a time when he should have been trying not to show the fact. . . . Having been obliged to leave at the end of the second act to cover an engagement, I don't know how he made out with the rich society girl but it's dollars to doughnuts from the way he was progressing with the love affair that he captured her."

Philadelphia Jack did have another "engagement." As were most of his colleagues, he was an actor, too. He had to hurry off to fulfill a booking at a nearby burlesque house.

END



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

MEMORIES

Sirs,

As an indiscriminate and bug-eyed sports fan, I had the privilege of attending my first Olympic Games as a spectator in Tokyo. Having since devoured the last two issues of *SI* and carried your predictions with me to 25 different events in Tokyo I wish to congratulate your staff on a magnificent job well done.

Among many unforgettable memories, the following stick in my mind: Captain Jonny Laconica, Philippine boxing mentor, in full dress uniform at ringside when his country had its first boxing finalist in history; the final 100 meters of the 400-meter freestyle swimming relay, when first and second place were obvious and the vast crowd of Americans were cheering for the Japanese to get a bronze; chats with Jesse Owens and his charming wife, an East German boxing referee penalizing a Russian and covering him the gold medal, a Coke stand at the water polo 10 deep with school kids and the attendant dashing out to serve me and apologizing for the delay; the excellent Japanese starters at the track and the swimming, beer-washed Dawn Fraser after the swimming.

I pity the Mexicans in their job of trying to emulate the Japanese.

W. STEWART BRAUNS JR.

New York City

Sirs,

I was bitterly disappointed that I was not allowed to see the Games live via the Syncom 3 satellite. For months I had been anticipating it, planning to take leave from my work to stay up nights and watch. The Comsat corporation and the U.S. Government did their part to bring this historic experience to the public—and then NBC bought away our rights for \$1 million. I think they made a bad blunder when they assumed our right to watch the Games live was for sale, by the Japanese or anyone else, so NBC or anyone else, for \$1 million or anything else NBC did not ask me if they could buy my right, and when they paid the \$1 million, they did not pay it to me or to any other fan, whose rights they had just bought. There is no way NBC can make its blunder up to the public now. The Games are over, history has passed us by—it has passed me by, and it has passed NBC by.

JOHN HIRWAY

Manassas, Va.

Sirs,

Without detracting one whit from the magnificent performances of America's Don Schollander in Tokyo, your reporter might

have cited the extraordinary failure of the Australian Swimming Union to nominate its finest swimmer and world record holder, Murray Rose, to defend his own title in the 400-meter event.

One American coach who had witnessed every Olympic swimming race in Tokyo gave his opinion on returning to this country that, had Rose been swimming, he would have won both the 400-meter and 1,500-meter events for Australia. Many American swimmers privately feel the same way, and "the Murray Rose blunder," as it is now called down under, will be remembered for many a year.

JOHN S. MASON

Los Angeles

VOICES THAT CARAY

Sirs,

A great deal of my admiration and respect for *SI* was diminished last week by your curt little note in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. I never even knew that the Cardinals wanted until I happened to hear Harry Caray broadcast one of their games a few years ago. Today I am a devout Cardinal fan and to me, without a doubt, the greatest baseball announcer in the business is Harry Caray. Even though his style was cramped, because he had to sound impartial in the World Series, he was by far the best on the four-man team. Gowdy was dull, Garagiola was far always silly and Rizzuto makes me sick.

KIN LONE

Newberry, S.C.

Sirs,

You people only had to listen to Caray for seven games. How about us poor suckers here in St. Louis who have to put up with him for an entire season?

FRED W. SMITH JR.

St. Louis

Sirs,

Thanks for your comments on Messrs. Gowdy and Caray. They truly were worse than you stated.

JOHN J. NIVANS

Springfield, Ill.

Sirs,

Harry Caray is a Cardinal fan and, naturally, does not have an impartial viewpoint. This may not live up to the standards of an "ideal" broadcaster, but for us fans who want the radio to transmit the thrill of a win, or the misery of a loss, Caray is the man.

DAVID E. BURGET

Rolla, Mo.

Sirs:

You are all opinionated asses, and I'll bet you never broadcast a baseball game in your life.

P. W. SWING

Galeen, Ill.

HIT AND MISS

Sirs:

I doubt that you would allude to the National Anthem as a former English drinking song or to "My country, 'tis of thee" as a pirated foreign melody. Therefore, why throw in the gratuitous remark that a certain line from a poignant untwain ballad is from a "pseudo folk song" (SCORE CARD, Oct. 26)? It is to the credit of a popular folk group that they recorded it, and a credit to the country that it became a hit. As a music teacher, I'd be interested in learning exactly what you think makes a folk song.

PAUL NORTON

Wellfleet, Mass.

• Folk—and time—ED.

SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

The year and venue of the different Olympic Games are usually remembered by their star performers. Examples: Helsinki 1952, Zlatopek, Berlin 1936, Owens. This year's star performer must undoubtedly be New Zealand's Peter Snell—I know he will emerge as your Sportsman of 1964, and I have great pleasure in nominating him for that honor.

FINNAR STATTERY

Kilbarney, Ireland

Sirs:

I have in mind one whom I consider to be an ideal Sportsman of the Year. No doubt you are already considering him: Bill Bradley. Certainly an excellent basketball player, but more than that a mature, humble, hard-working student.

RICHARD HAVELAND

Stanford, Calif.

BUNDLE FOR BRITAIN

Sirs:

As one of England's few baseball fans and a keen soccer follower, I was especially interested in Jack Olsen's article *Six Dollars' Dime—Three Saturdays* (Oct. 12). He caught the atmosphere of English football wonderfully, but he was rather lenient with the game on one or two points. First, of the 92 teams only a handful make a profit; the rest are subsidized by local businessmen and supporter clubs. Second, attendance overall has been dropping steadily in the last few years, and the clubs have few ideas on how to combat this. For instance, only one team, Coventry, employs a PR man and he was hired only this season.

My suggestion is that Mr. Bill Vecek, instead of wasting his time and energies on unheeding baseball owners, should come to England, where soccer is ripe for the

continued



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10TH HOLE (continued)

immutable Vesco touch. He could bring down a good franchise easily, and his gaze (mostly) in Cleveland and Chicago, would be an eye-opener here.

England awaits the exploding scoreboard!

ANITA PARKIN

Manchester, England

WHEELER DEAL

Sirs

In reference to your recent article on bicyclic endurance runs (SCORECARD, Oct. 26), the Bulldogs have nothing on the Tar Heels. After 1¼ days of dedicated training and adherence to a strictly collegiate diet of hamburgers and beer, our man D. Saum, strapped to his velocipede, completed a run of 1,833 springs around an elliptical track measuring 29 feet 6 inches in circumference. IRATE fans (International Racing Association of Tricycle Enthusiasts) will be happy to hear he broke the old record of 20:34.93 by more than five minutes. Saum's elapsed time for the course was 15:32:18. He would have gone for 2,000 laps, but the bell rang for his next class. Wait until he gets in shape: one Tar Heel is worth 10 Bulldogs!

W. W. TOMLINSON

Chapel Hill, N.C.

P.R.

Sirs

In re your statement (58, Oct. 26) that the Yankees' firing of Yogi Berra "may have been the worst blunder in public relations by any club in baseball history," you err. When it comes to Lower Slobovian manners, no one can take the front seat from our Honore Storcham.

His seventh-ring phone call during the final game, to the dugout, summoning Alvin Dark to his execution as manager of the Giants could not be surpassed by the Yankees—or anyone else.

KRISTEN M. MCLEAN

San Francisco

Sirs

I represent a group of long-standing Yankee fans—I go back to the Highlander days—who disagree with William Leggett in his World Series article (51, Oct. 26) over what he writes about the dismissal of Berra as manager. "The Yankees might just as well have flogged them bat boy in public."

When the Yankees named Berra as manager we were stunned and dismayed. Stunned because, to us—and we found later to hundreds of fans—Yogi had shown no indications of managerial ability. Dismayed because we saw him almost surely foredoomed in a job unnatural to his talents.

Nevertheless, he remains one of the truly great coaches of all time.

G. M. W. KOHN

New York City

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